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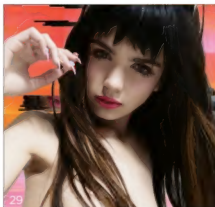
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SOMETIMES IT'S EASIER TO HATE.



Only through referrals and word of mouth, Trevor is an extreme misogynist who campaigns underground seminars of his ideology of women. He gives bizarre, offensive, and outlandish strategies to convince young men to apply his rhetoric with the result that they can control any woman without being hurt by them.



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EDITOR'S NOTE



Mini Cooper into a studio with a wind machine in order to show the girls waving the flag as they're leaving London and arriving in New York City." See the rest of Tommy O.'s photos starting on page 78.

We also took advantage of the theme to report on two of our favorite subjects: rock music and comedy. Nick Redfern investigates the history of rockers beating up guitars onstage in *Smash Hits* (page 72). In Brit Torrent, Features Editor John Bolster writes about the gap between "humor" and "humour," and how it has narrowed over the past four decades. And while pretty much everybody knows that *The Office* is a remake of an English show, you're likely to be surprised by some other facts. For instance, two of the most "American" seventies sitcoms were adapted from British shows (page 92).

More recently, the current U.K. government adopted ridiculously stringent anti-torpor regulations, which resulted in a mass face-sitting demonstration outside Parliament. Violet Blue's informative report on the legislation and its potentially far-reaching impact is on page 48.

... AND SO MUCH MORE

Our own damn movie awards, the ninth-annual Dirty Dozen, celebrate the truly noteworthy moments in Hollywood movies. Hint: It's all about the nude scenes (page 14)... Of course, this issue, like every issue, is also all about nudity. And we kept our theme going there, as well. Our Pet of the Month (page 56), the curvy Ava Dalush, is the newest British model to grace our centerfold, but by no means the first. Among her predecessors was the lovely Taylor Wane, our June 1994 Pet of the Month. Sam Phillips catches up with Taylor in *Pet Cougar Confidential* (page 106). And then we close out the issue with the busty Brit Ava Blue, who graced our cover in October 2009 (page 134)... They're joined in these pages by a steamy set of Tracy and Vanessa (page 96) and the lovely Uma Jolie (page 112). Enjoy! 



The British beauties who took over our pages: (top) Pet of the Month Ava Dalush, (above) June 1994 Pet Taylor Wane, and (bottom right) Perting Shot Ava Blue; plus (top right) Point Blank photographer Tommy O. and a Mini Cooper full of models.

OUR GOLDEN JUBILEE

Fifty years ago, the very first issue of *Penthouse* magazine was published in London, giving us the perfect excuse for a celebration. In fact, since our brand is hitting its golden anniversary, we're declaring 2015 the "Year of *Penthouse*" and throwing ourselves a yearlong party. In a nod to our British roots, we're starting with a Golden Jubilee. (Hey, if it's good enough for the monarchy, it works for us.) Starting on page 38, you can read our origin story, and take a look at how we've expanded beyond print, giving us a truly global reach.

THE NEW BRITISH INVASION

Penthouse has always been about showcasing not just the sexiest, but the best photos, and that means adapting with the times. Since we're immersed in the digital age, we enlisted Danny Broddle, the founder and creative director of the U.K.-based clothing company Passarella Death Squad, to take over Pop Shots for this issue. Broddle's vision for Pop Shots was to use digital enhancement to push real-life beauty one step beyond, and there's no question he succeeded in the task. Adam Goodison's photos of the three models Broddle selected were manipulated by Broddle's team to create a gorgeous series of images (page 29).

Tommy O., an L.A.-based photo and rock guitarist, took the New British Invasion theme to heart, using Union Jacks, a Mini Cooper, and a group of supersexy models to pull together a set of stunning images. As he tells us, "When I got the call from *Penthouse* for Point Blank, I was told about the theme, so I played with a few ideas in my head bringing together the U.K. and the U.S.A. I ordered a nine-foot Union Jack flag and drove a convertible

▲ PEPPER ▲

• *Cromer* •

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◆ RAMONDETA ◆

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• MATTHEWS •

▲ DYLAN ♥

ANOTHER FANTASY FULFILLED



Regan and I have been together for six years, and each year we celebrate by fulfilling one of our fantasies. Last year, Regan wanted to have sex in a public venue, so we went to a concert and, during the second set, I lifted her skirt and slipped her my cock. As for me, I'd always wanted to swap with another couple, so we began hanging out in various clubs, which is where we met Jarrod and Haley.

We hung out with them a few times and discovered that they also have a taste for adventure, experimentation, and fun. When we told them about our tradition and our fantasy, they were eager to help make it happen.

We reserved a suite at a hotel, and when Jarrod and Haley arrived, they both had on trench coats. When they took them off, Jarrod only wore boxers, and Haley had on a short nightie that barely covered her mound.

After offering them some champagne, I led Haley into the bedroom. We took one side of the king-size bed, while Regan and Jarrod took the other side. When Haley finished her champagne, I slipped the straps of her nightie off her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. At about five foot two without her heels, she's several inches shorter than Regan, but with bigger tits and more curves.

Jarrod and Regan had already taken off their clothes, and they were kissing while Regan pumped his sizable cock. I stepped out of my boxers, and Haley took my dick into her mouth. I'd been half-hard all day

just thinking about Haley's pussy and whether or not it would feel any different than Regan's. She definitely had her own style of cocksucking—a little something extra she did with her tongue that had me ready to blow.

Before I lost it, Haley released my shaft and I pushed her onto her back. Running my hands over her lush curves, I kissed and laved her plump breasts before moving down between her legs and inviting Jarrod and Regan to join me. Then we were all caressing Haley's body as she moaned and squirmed, basking under the attention of three hot mouths and six roving hands. She was so wet that she easily took the three fingers I plunged into her. When I saw her blowing Jarrod, I knelt between her legs and guided my cock into her. While I fucked her, Regan sucked and pinched her nipples. It wasn't long before Haley lost control, abandoning Jarrod's cock to scream out in ecstasy, and I reached my own peak.

Anxious for her turn, Regan waited for Jarrod to mount her from behind. She looked beautiful getting reamed by his big cock. It was a scene I knew I'd replay over and over again in my mind. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, Haley maneuvered herself so Regan could feast on her pussy. Regan loves the taste of my jizz, but this time she got an extra treat—a cocktail of Haley's and my come mixed together. She appeared to like it so much that I knew I could expect to see more girl-on-girl action before the night was through.

Jarrod seemed to have amazing stamina, and just when I began to think he had some kind of bionic cock, he told Regan he was going to come. I reached under her and pinched her clit the way she likes, and she went off like a rocket. Between Jarrod's grunts and slapping thrusts and Regan's cries of pleasure, I found that I was almost ready to go again. Having come once already, I knew I'd last longer this time.

Not only did Regan and I fuck our new buddies again, but Jarrod and I fulfilled one of Haley's fantasies when he reamed her ass while I fucked her pussy. It was a wild ride that intrigued Regan, too. I guess I know what she'll want to do next year!—K.T., Illinois

More letters on page 122

I kissed and laved her breasts before moving down between her legs and inviting Jarrod and Regan to join me.

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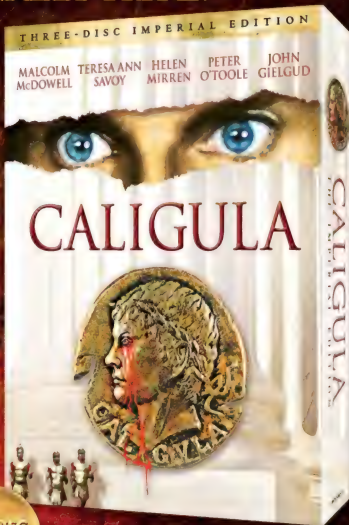
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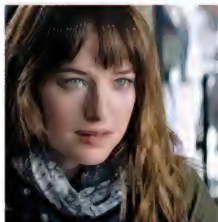
FULL FRONTAL

Back to *Back to the Future*



In *Holt: Tilt Time Machine 2*, a sequel we never knew we needed, Nick (Craig Robinson), Lou (Rob Corddry), and Jacob (Clark Duke) are living large after exploiting the knowledge they gained from their trip back to 1986. (Lou, for instance, has now invented the Internet.) Then they take a quick trip to 2025, find that their lives have fallen apart, and embark on a desperate quest to find out where in time it all went wrong. John Cusack may be sitting out the sequel, but you shouldn't make the same mistake.

By Kara Wahlgren



Fifty Shades of Grey

British director Sam Taylor-Johnson reportedly beat out such contenders as Angelina Jolie and Gus Van Sant for the chance to direct the steamy film based on the erotic book series about a 21-year-old virgin who meets a wealthy entrepreneur and dabbles in BDSM. But all you need to know is this: If you take a girl to see it for Valentine's Day, you'll reap the rewards when you get home.



Kingsman: The Secret Service

Our expectations are high for this British spy film. Matthew Vaughn of *X-Men: First Class* fame is directing, and the cast includes Taron Egerton, Mark Hamill, Samuel L. Jackson, Michael Caine, and Colin Firth—not to mention cameos from Adele, Elton John, and David Beckham. We're overdue for a spy movie that doesn't take itself too seriously, and this one looks like bloody, foul-mouthed fun.



Unfinished Business

Vince Vaughn stars as a business owner who takes his team to Europe to close a huge deal. But it's a movie, so nothing goes as planned. They stumble into a fetish event, crash a global summit, and end up involved in other shenanigans. After a string of questionable comedies (*Couples Retreat*, *The Dilemma*, *The Internship*), we were starting to wonder if Vaughn had forgotten how to be funny. He might just be back to form.

DVDs



Nightcrawler

In this timely, intriguing, but critically panned thriller, Jake Gyllenhaal stars as Lou Bloom, a petty thief who realizes there's better money to be made in selling gory crime-scene footage to local news stations. With the help of an assistant played by British actor/rapper Riz Ahmed, Bloom quickly builds a reputation for getting the bloodiest footage, even when it means checking his ethics at the door and occasionally choreographing chaos. Any self-respecting fan of suspense—and anyone skeptical of the news media—should check this out.

SOUNDS



Kid Rock First Kiss

Over the past 17 years—or quarter-century, if you count those early years when people had no idea who he was—Kid Rock has gone from rapper to rock star to country singer. Now, for his tenth studio album, he's apparently decided to just do whatever the fuck he wants. There's a hip-hop tribute to his one-legged brother called "Hopping Around" (seriously), the nostalgic title track, the country ballad "A Beer With Dad," and even a song with a church organ. It may not be the most coherent collection, but at least it'll be interesting.



Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds Chasing Yesterday

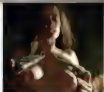
Oasis fans dreaming of a reunion will have to settle for this follow-up from Noel's solo project. On the bright side, it's a solid rock album—especially if you ask Gallagher himself. In a recent Facebook interview, he said, "The first single... [is] called 'In the Heat of the Moment.' Is it great? Of course it is. What does it mean? It doesn't mean anything." Okay then. If you want a sneak preview, check out the roller derby-inspired video for the single's B-side, "Do the Damage." **D+**

THE NINTH ANNUAL PENTHOUSE DOUBLE DS

It was a big year for movies: There were huge action flicks, hotly anticipated sequels, and another bumper crop of superheroes. It took a lot to stand out from the crowd, but these films and stars managed to do it (hint: nudity always helps), and earned prestigious Dirty Dozen Awards.

**LIFETIME
ACHIEVEMENT
AWARD FOR
NUDITY**
Eva Green

We love that Green has never even pretended to be modest: The stunning French actress went full-frontal in her 2003 film debut, the incestuous drama *The Dreamers*, and she's remained devoted to the practice ever since. She stripped down on the small screen in *Camelot* and *Penny Dreadful*, and for several movie roles. In 2014 she pulled double duty, going topless in *300: Rise of an Empire* and nude in *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For*. The icing on the cake? She's not just gorgeous, but legitimately talented, so we don't have to slog through terrible movies just to enjoy the T&A.





LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD FOR NUILITY RECIPIENT-IN-TRAINING
Shailene Woodley

Woodley is one of our new girl crushes, and not just because she went topless in *White Bird in a Blizzard*—although we were definitely cool with that. She's also completely unapologetic about baring all. "In real life, when I have sex, I'm naked," she told *New York* magazine. "So let's make a real movie!" We hope she stays committed to that brand of realism for years to come.



BEST FULL-FRONTAL NUILITY
Scarlett Johansson in Under the Skin

Okay, so this science-fiction film hit festivals in 2013, but its official theatrical release was 2014—and since it features full-frontal from Scar Jo, there's no way we're letting it slip through the cracks. The sex bomb stars as a man-eating alien, and while we never really find out why she preys on earthly dudes, her nude scenes make up for the unanswered questions.



BIGGEST PARANOIA-INDUCING FILM
Sex Tape

We know it was supposed to be funny, but ... it wasn't. We basically just spent the whole time wondering what was floating around on our own cloud storage. And while it was fun to see Cameron Diaz in the buff after more than a decade of on-screen modesty (a body double was used in 2013's *The Counselor*), the only thing we were inspired to do when we got home was clear our cache and secure-empty our trash.



BEST BROMANCE/CIVICS LESSON
Seth Rogen and James Franco, and The Interview

As one of our favorite buddy-movie duos, they've already tackled a drug gang in *Pineapple Express* and the apocalypse in *This Is the End*—so who better to take down a ruthless dictator? Franco and Rogen play a tabloid host and producer who arrange an interview with North Korean dictator Kim Jong-un, then get recruited by the CIA to assassinate him. After the film's plot became public, Sony was the victim of a massive hack, and threats of violent protests and terrorist attacks at theaters showing the movie flooded the internet. Apparently, that was the first time Sony realized the project might piss off some people, because the studio scrapped its distribution plans just days before its release, drawing the censure of many, including President Obama. Jimmy Kimmel tweeted that caving in was "an un-American act of cowardice that validates terrorist actions and sets a terrifying precedent." That about sums it up. Strike a blow for freedom of speech by renting or buying this one.



HOTTEST TEAM NUILITY
Julianne Moore, Sarah Gadon, Jennifer Gibson, and Olivia Williams in Maps to the Stars

In this twisted drama, Moore plays an aging starlet trying to win a role in a remake of a film that originally starred her mother. More important, just about everyone gets naked. Since David Cronenberg is at the helm, you have to squirm through some uncomfortable bits to get to the good bits, but the payoff is pretty sweet: Moore, always the overachiever, has a limo sex scene with Robert Pattinson and a threesome with Jonathan Watton and Jennifer Gibson.



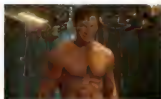
BEST BREAKOUT PERFORMANCE
Rosamund Pike in Gone Girl

This British babe has been acting for more than a decade, racking up awards and nominations across the pond. But her role as the titular missing wife in this disturbing thriller made her a household name here in the States. We won't spoil anything, but suffice it to say we won't forget a certain pivotal sex scene anytime soon.



BEST GOOD GIRL GONE WILD
Reese Witherspoon in Wild

It's been 16 years since her girl-on-girl kiss in *Cruel Intentions*, and Witherspoon has played it squeaky-clean ever since, so we were psyched to see her get uncivilized as a heroin addict who goes on a 1,100-mile hike to find herself. Reese has said the nude scenes were panic-inducing, but we're glad she pushed through. You know, for art's sake.



MOST-UNLIKELY BOX-OFFICE GOLDEN BOY
Chris Pratt

Pratt didn't exactly have a meteoric rise to stardom. He was homeless in Maui before being discovered by Rae Dawn Chong while waiting tables. He was turned down for dream roles in *Star Trek* and *Avatar*. He nearly lost his role in *Moneyball* because he'd gained too much weight. It's safe to say that three years ago, no one—Pratt included—could have predicted he'd star in two of 2014's highest-grossing films, *The Lego Movie* and *Guardians of the Galaxy*. If the doughy dude from *Parks and Recreation* can rake in more than \$1.2 billion at the box office in a year, there's hope for everyone.

THE DIRTY DOZEN



BEST FRANCHISE INSTALLMENT
TIE: Dawn of the Planet of the Apes and X-Men: Days of Future Past

We're a little nervous every time there's a new addition to one of our favorite franchises, because one bad installment can ruin all the fun. But these two didn't disappoint. The latest Apes movie actually fared slightly better among critics than the Charlton Heston original, and *Days of Future Past* was as good as or better than *First Class* (and that's saying a lot).



WORST FRANCHISE INSTALLMENT
Transformers: Age of Extinction

Mark Wahlberg should forget about getting a pardon for his crimes in the eighties and request a pardon for making this movie. The over-the-top explosions couldn't make up for the pointless plot and cheesy jingoism, and the whole mess dragged on for a ridiculously long time. For the love of Optimus Prime, people, know when to quit.

MOST-WELCOME COMEBACK
Veronica Mars

We'd basically watch Kristen Bell in anything, but we'll always love her best as this ass-kicking private investigator. We went through serious withdrawal when the TV show went off the air after only three seasons, so we were stoked to see Mars Investigations return, even if it was only for a couple of hours.



HAIKU
INSPIRED BY THE SEX SCENE IN NEIGHBORS

俳句

Sweet, Rose Byrne is nude! Wait, what's that on top of her? Oh. Seth Rogen's ass.

5 BREAKTHROUGH BABES



► **Rachel Melvin**

Soap fans may remember her as bad girl Chelsea Brady on *Days of Our Lives*, but she just hit our radar this year with roles in *Dumb and Dumber To* and *Zombeyears*.



► **Emilia Clarke**

This sexy Brit is best known as Daenerys Targaryen in *Game of Thrones*, but she picked up major buzz when it was announced that she'd play Sarah Connor in next year's *Terminator Genisys*. (Can she do *anything* that's easy to spell?)



► **Analeigh Tipton**

We loved her scene-stealing role as the lusty babysitter in 2011's *Crazy, Stupid, Love*, so we're hoping her back-to-back roles in 2014—a small part opposite ScarJo in *Lucy* and a starring role in the romantic comedy *Two Night Stand*—mean we'll be seeing a lot more of her.



► **Gugu Mbatha-Raw**

This U.K.-bred actress has been nominated for two British Independent Film Awards, but she's making a name for herself stateside with a starring role in 2014's romantic drama *Beyond the Lights* and the upcoming Wachowskis-directed space opera *Jupiter Ascending*.



► **Sarah Gadon**

Gadon was a quadruple threat this year, appearing in *The Amazing Spider-Man 2*, *Maps to the Stars*, *Dracula Untold*, and *The Nut Job* (in a voice-over role). She's also working on the thriller *The 9th Life of Louis Drax* with Aaron Paul, so we're expecting her to hit superstar status soon.

MOVIES
TITLES
THAT
SOUND
LIKE
PORN



Non-Stop



About Last Night



Fiston



The Other Woman



Walk of Shame



Mom's Night Out



Sex Tape



Finding Fanny



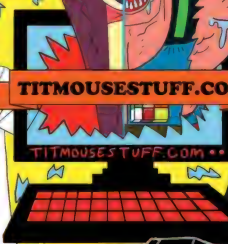
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LIFE ON TOP

HEALTH & FITNESS



HACK YOUR SIX-PACK

Here are four non-crunch core exercises that'll get you the washboard abs every guy wants.

By Joe Vennare

WARNING
OUR LAWYERS MADE US SAY THIS

This column is for informational and entertainment purposes only and is not a substitute for medical advice, diagnosis, or treatment.

You're not the only one wishing your gut would go away. Your girl would love it if you lost a few pounds. Tightened up a bit. Hit the gym every now and then.

Except there's not much she can do about getting you in shape. She's too much of a sweetheart to come right out and say anything. Instead of making a scene, she takes to cooking healthier meals, using all-natural ingredients, and even hitting the gym herself.

You, being the ever-perceptive partner that you are, think she's insecure. That she's not comfortable in her own skin. You're into her sexy little body, sure. But you're not picking up what she's putting down. The healthy hints are going unnoticed. So, too, are subtle suggestions that you should get your ass in shape.

And then one day it happens. You're sitting around watching football, scarfing down homemade chili, and pounding beers. She's in the kitchen, drinking a green smoothie and pinning things to her "sexy guys" board, when you hear her mumble something under her breath. Did she just say "fuck me"?

Thinking she's talking to you, you turn and look. Except she's not talking to you. She's staring out the window at your neighbor. This fucking guy? Again?! He's out there cutting the grass. He's shirtless, sweaty, and apparently all sorts of sexy. That asshole, you think. Then you make the fatal mistake and ask, "Do you like what you see out there?"

The answer doesn't matter because you know she does. And all at once it hits you like your neighbor just punched you in the dick: This whole time, all of the healthy shit wasn't about her—it was about you.

► GUT CHECK

It sucks, doesn't it? She's eye-fucking another guy because your gut sticks out over your jeans. If only you had the ever-elusive six-pack. And now, after that fiasco, you promise yourself you'll get one. Or at least you'll get damn close to it.

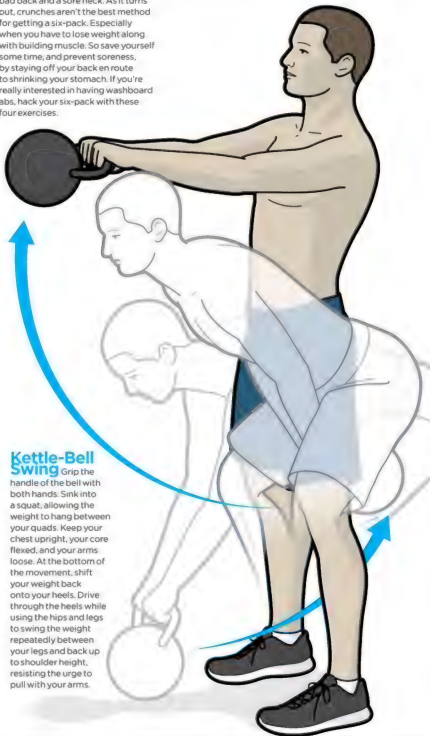
That's great. What's not so great is that you don't know where to start. Like most amateur exercisers, you're thinking that crunches are the core cure-all. You're going to do one million sit-ups a day for the next month.

Not so fast, friend. That approach won't result in anything more than a

bad back and a sore neck. As it turns out, crunches aren't the best method for getting a six-pack. Especially when you have to lose weight along with building muscle. So save yourself some time, and prevent soreness, by staying off your back en route to shrinking your stomach. If you're really interested in having washboard abs, hack your six-pack with these four exercises.

Kettle-Bell Swing

Grip the handle of the bell with both hands. Sink into a squat, allowing the weight to hang between your quads. Keep your chest upright, your core flexed, and your arms loose. At the bottom of the movement, shift your weight back onto your heels. Drive through the heels while using the hips and legs to swing the weight repeatedly between your legs and back up to shoulder height, resisting the urge to pull with your arms.



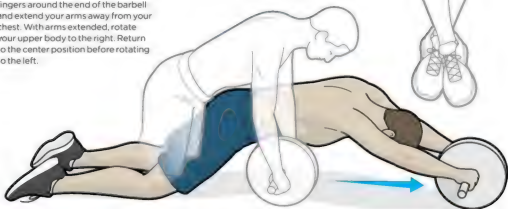


Barbell Land Mine

Work the obliques, along with the entire midsection, by placing one end of a barbell on the floor in a corner (for support). Lift the opposite end of the barbell to chest height. Lace your fingers around the end of the barbell and extend your arms away from your chest. With arms extended, rotate your upper body to the right. Return to the center position before rotating to the left.

Pull-up

Begin by hanging from a bar with hands shoulder-width apart, palms facing out. Start the pull by squeezing the bar to engage your upper body and core. Try pulling your elbows down to your sides while pulling your chin up to the bar. Slowly lower yourself down and repeat.



Ab Roll-Out

This last exercise requires a piece of equipment known as an ab wheel, a small wheel with two handles. Kneel on the floor with your knees under your hips. Your hands are on the handles of the ab wheel, under your shoulders. Begin by slowly rolling the wheel forward, allowing your hips to follow your hands. Engage your core and keep your back flat as you extend your arms and hips. Once you reach full extension, contract your abs and pull your hips back to the starting position.

THE PEOPLE'S ELECTRIC VEHICLE

The creatively modified electric VW Bug is exactly what's needed to stand out in a sea of soulless Priuses.

By Jonathan Ward

Few vehicles have won our hearts to the same extent as the Volkswagen Bug. Generations of people from all over the world smile when they see one, and most of us have fond memories of our various (and sometimes obscene) life experiences in one. It's been manufactured in Germany, Ireland, Thailand, Indonesia,

Mexico, South Africa, Australia, and Nigeria, meaning it truly has become the people's vehicle, with almost 22 million made since its humble beginnings in 1938.

It's popular with people of all ages, and still represents a certain sense of independence and style. Even the brilliant, often sarcastic genius of its early advertisements helped cement the

VW Bug as a vehicle that will forever transcend social and cultural boundaries—and permanently changed the landscape of modern automotive marketing in the process. No small feat, considering the car was originally developed by an anti-Semitic, enemy-of-the-state German guy with an odd mustache.

But despite all its charm, a drive in a VW Bug leaves plenty of room for improvement: It's offered globally in gas or diesel variants of meager performance, with these bastions of simplicity leaving you wondering if each shift might be your last.

Enter husband and wife David Benardo and Bonnie Rodgers, who have been big fans of the Bug since the Flower Power generation. These





Southern California-based self-described "V-dub-ites" have owned many over the years. And since they're celebrated brand designers with a tendency to never leave well enough alone, it was just a matter of time before they turned their creative spirits to the beloved Bug. They began to study the options and challenge the legend. What could be done to evolve the people's vehicle? Then, a crazy idea hit them like a thunderbolt. Why not make the go-to hippie ride a fun, environmentally conscious electric vehicle? It's a natural fit!

All too often, electric conversions have a Frankenstein-esque hack-job vibe with a mess of mysterious, repurposed components from God knows what. But not the ZeletricBug. The shape and design of the car naturally lends itself to such modification, bearing almost ideal packaging accommodations for the batteries and electric motor without sacrificing storage space: The electric motor and components fit perfectly in the engine bay, and the battery packs cleverly integrate where the fuel tank used to be. These locations also help maintain the nearly ideal weight distribution (60 rear/40 front), which brings welcomed gains in overall



handling and performance.

This well-engineered and thoughtfully packaged surprise, which was developed with industry legends Mike Bream and Matt Hauber at EV West, scoots right along and provides an impressively sporty and fun driving experience. Stay in second gear to hot-rod around, hit third for cruising, and fourth for freeway flying. But you rarely need to shift gears at all. Third gear will comfortably take you from zero to 80 miles an hour in a flash. The regenerative braking that further extends your range means you almost never need to apply the conventional brakes (although the innovators did



upgrade the front ones to disc brakes, in case you need them).

Gone are the rattles and stench of the old air-cooled engine. The linear torque curve of the 65-kilowatt, three-phase, alternating-current motor delivers power at the moment you need it. The car's range averages 90 to 100 miles with the quality 22-kilowatt battery pack composed of Lithium LiFePO₄ batteries (the same one used in the Nissan Leaf). Because they used the industry-standard plug, charging can be done anywhere. Plug it in at night (just like you do with your phone), and it's ready to go in the morning; a full charge takes seven to eight hours at 220 volts, 13 to 14 hours at 110 volts.

Another cool detail of this design is that the modular nature of the car's assembly allows for easy and quick evolution. As battery science and motor design evolve, the existing components can be replaced to upgrade performance and range. This all but guarantees that your ZeletricBug will be on the road longer than many of the other "environmentally conscious" EV cars.

The equation has been perfected, the tinkering has ceased, and this side project has become a full-time job. Finally, after teasing the automotive press and social media for what seemed like an excruciatingly long time, ZeletricMotors has begun selling its creation. The first unit sold in just a few hours, and now the company is working through the realities of ramping up operations to meet demand.

This type of creative and fun EV is exactly what's needed to stand out and thrive in the sea of soulless Priuses dotting the American landscape. Prices start at about \$50,000. Catch one if you can at ZeletricMotors.com. **DM**

GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer



■ Battlefield Hardline

A multiplayer FPS (Xbox One, PS4, PC)
(EA, \$60)

The *Battlefield* series of first-person shooters suspends its tour of duty abroad in this year's installment—which pits cops against crooks, rather than troops against terrorists—but you won't notice the difference once the lead starts flying. (Let's call it a commentary on the militarization of today's police departments.) *Battlefield Hardline* delivers the type of set-piece triple-A action and unpredictable multiplayer gameplay that made this series a must-play back when it pitted GIs against Nazis.

The single-player campaign represents the biggest departure for the series. It drops you into a procedural crime drama—think *CSI: Miami*—complete with episodes and case files. You play newly minted Miami detective Nick Mendoza, embroiled along with your grizzled gumshoe partner in a drug war against cartel forces and crooked cops. Early episodes involve old-fashioned police work and shaking down street dealers until you make your way up the supply chain.

At first you'll wield a standard-issue pistol as you infiltrate gang hideouts and follow suspects. You can even draw your badge and shout "Freeze!" to take crooks into custody. Successful cases add progressively bigger weapons and cool gadgets—including grappling guns—to your arsenal. Eventually you'll reach the war zone of Los Angeles and explosive missions more in line with previous entries in the series.

Multiplayer, meanwhile, delivers *Battlefield*'s famous formula of chaotic combat in vehicles (police choppers, getaway vans, etc.) and on-foot gunplay. New modes have fun with the SWAT-versus-criminals theme. In the Heist mode, cops protect armored cars from the crooks; Hotwire mode is a race-and-chase with car thieves. It's all good fun if the militarized-police theme doesn't fall flat at a time when cops are shooting unarmed civilians in the real world. In other words, it's best as escapist entertainment if you shoot first and ask questions later.

REVAMPED

Great games made greater



■ Heroes of Might and Magic III HD

Unlabeled, 1999, EA GAMES

If you never lost weeks of your life to this beloved strategy classic—which has you ruling armies and laying the waste from mythological beasts—here's your chance to watch it burn on the go, with the patchy-but-a-miraculous tablet version.



■ Saints Row 4: Re-elected

Download, 2013, EA GAMES

The most wide-open open-world game tells the next-generation tale of a city that's anything but sane. That's *Saints Row*—inspired gameplay, except now with beautiful views to match the absurdity. When you finally downed the Gal Out of Heaven quest to continue the madness.



■ Resident Evil: Revelations 2

Console, 2013, Capcom, Xbox One

Old characters and a new style of storytelling collide in this, the most recent mission of the series. *Resident Evil: Revelations 2* is a remake of the first *Resident Evil* game, beginning in mid-February. It's

BUILT TO LAST

Like *Penthouse*, these gadgets will stand the test of time. By Crispin Boyer



■ Complete Guitar Pack

Orange Amplification • \$349

If you're ready to learn to rock, why not jam on gear from the land of Led Zeppelin and the Beatles? This British-built kit includes a guitar, a portable amplifier, and all the roadie accoutrements (padded bag, guitar cable, tuner, and strap). It even comes with a beginner tutorial with ten lessons and backing tracks. The guitar is crafted from glossy maple and rosewood, and features quality pickups and tuner heads good enough for beginners and lapsed guitar gods alike. The Crush PiX 12L amp is just the right size for practice or performances in small venues. It features a three-band equalizer and overdrive that produces a rich sound suitable for a wide range of genres, from acoustic ballads to screaming solos.



■ SwannOne Smart Hub

Swann • Starting at \$299

This small Wi-Fi-linked box will be the brain in your smart home's central nervous system. Once it's in place, you can add a range of cameras, sensors, and automating gadgets, including a thermostat, smart plugs to control lights and appliances remotely, entry and window monitors, auto-locks, and more. Each addition boosts the senses and IQ of your home, which could evolve to reach a HAL 9000 level of complexity.



■ Tracks headphones

Sol Republic • \$99

These headphones are built to take a knocking but keep on rocking. The headband is made of a polymer called FlexTech that retains its head-hugging shape regardless of heavy misuse. The speakers deliver distortion-free sound and deep bass, while the plush ear cups add comfort and sound isolation. A three-button remote and noise-canceling microphone built into the cord make life easier for smartphone users when they need to take a call.



■ Upp hydrogen-fuel cell

Intelligent Energy • \$170

It's not quite as user-friendly as Mr. Fusion from *Back to the Future*, but this is still the most futuristic battery you can buy. It was designed by a British portable-power specialist, and relies on hydrogen-fuel cartridges (replacements sold separately) to supply a week's worth of energy to USB-powered devices. It recharges about as quickly as an on-the-grid wall outlet. An Android and iPhone app helps you squeeze every last drop of juice out of a cartridge. (The app also finds nearby stores that sell replacements.)



■ YotaPhone 2

Yota Devices • \$400 (estimated)

Like its nifty-but-flawed predecessor, the Russki-made YotaPhone 2 is literally a two-faced device: The front bears a brilliant five-inch AMOLED display just like a conventional Android phone, while the rear side sports a responsive 4.7-inch E Ink screen that never shuts off. The energy-efficient rear screen mirrors the front for checking emails, stock prices, appointments, or any graphically simple apps, adding days to your battery life. The rear display also makes a perfect mini e-reader, which helps justify the phone's shocking sticker price. **OTW**



THE BRIT PACK

Inspired by American-style craft beers, British brewers are reinventing their nation's beer scene.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

As a 19-year-old spending the summer in London, all I wanted to do was drink beer. By day, I toiled at the Great American Bagel Factory. By night, I hit pubs and clubs alike and knocked back countless pints of bitters, milds, and brown ales.

Back then, I was too inexperienced to savor the nuanced pleasures of British beer. After returning to the States, I fell under the spell of American craft beer, adoring the no-holds-barred approach to bitterness and flavor. Give me a double IPA or give me death!

But now, British beer is accelerating into the future, as daredevil Brits and Scots have begun shaking off the shackles of tradition. Inspired by a trip to the West Coast and hop-focused breweries such as Stone, in 2007 Scotland's BrewDog founders James Watt and Martin Dickie began forging a new identity. The pungent Hardcore IPA, dizzyingly strong Tokyo imperial stout, and Dogma Scotch ale (infused with guarana, honey, kola nuts, and poppy seeds) were hardly humdrum ales to nurse alongside fish and chips.

Today, U.K. craft brewers are firing like a finely tuned engine, and the beer scene is as varied and inventive as its counterpart across the pond. In London, Kernel Brewery has made waves with its bold and citrusy American-inspired pale ales and IPAs, while Partizan Brewing ups the ante with aromatic saisons. Camden Town Brewery does spot-on spins on foreign styles, such as the supremely drinkable, American-style Camden Pale Ale and the unfettered Hells Lager, which is as refreshing as anything brewed in Germany.

Also in England, Thornbridge Brewery is adept at classic styles like the Kill Your Darlings Vienna-style lager, as well as fresh and thoroughly modern IPAs. Siren Craft Brew explores brewing's outer limits with beers like Lemon Cello, which mimics Italy's Limoncello liqueur, and Magic Rock has a deft touch with such sour ales as the tart Salty Kiss, which contains gooseberries, sea buckthorn, and sea salt.

If there's a downside to this tidal wave of terrific beer, it's this: To sample the lion's share, you must travel to London. But, increasingly, these British craft beers have begun traveling across the Atlantic, washing up at bars and bottle shops on our shores. Consider this the start of a welcome new British invasion.



THE WILD BEER CO. SOMERSET SAISON

The invigorating saison is dosed with Sorachi Ace hops, which lend a lemony complexity to the spicy beer. The brewery also dabbles in making beer with wild *Brettanomyces* yeast.

MEANTIME LONDON PORTER

Brewed with seven malts and loads of earthy Fuggles hops, the porter's aroma of lightly roasted malt and cocoa leads to flavors of coffee, toffee, and peat smoke. The dark beer drinks creamy, with a dry conclusion.

THORNBIDGE BREWERY JAIPUR

Named after a city in western India, Thornbridge's citrus-forward IPA partners a smooth, honeyed profile with a bit of grass and gobs of grapefruit. The bitterness won't blow out your palate.

SIREN CRAFT BREW LEMON CELLO

To re-create Italy's Limoncello liqueur, the crafty Brits lightly soured the beer, then added lemon zest and juice, sweet lactose sugar, and tons of tropical Citra and lemony Sorachi Ace hops. **A-**



kanon

CLASSIC, BOLD,
FIERCE ATTITUDE!





DIGITAL DISPLAYS

Danny Broddie, founder and creative director of the cult fashion brand Passarella Death Squad, explores the realm of digitally enhanced beauty.

Photographs by Adam Goodison
Interview by Raphie Aronowitz



As the head of Passarella Death Squad, Danny Broddie has given the world a series of youthful, club-friendly T-shirts with images of nude or scantily clad models in compromising poses, printed on luxurious Japanese fabrics. Broddie also records dance tracks with Emma Albrow and Kingsley Gratrix under the moniker Passarella Death Squad. (What's with the name?) It started with Argentinean soccer player Daniel Passarella. Broddie says the Death Squad was inspired by the movie he watched as a kid, and it just sounded cool.)

Broddie's Pop Shots layout focused on his appreciation for fashion and his penchant for leaggy, blue-eyed models, not to mention the leather, latex and lace that were part of the elaborate wardrobe worn by Piliña, Vilca, and Anita.

We were so impressed by Broddie's vision and his ability to depict it that we're collaborating with Passarella Death Squad on a set of T-shirts featuring close-up images from the Penthouse archive. You can find out more about the Passarella Death Squad's Penthouse collaboration on page 43.



Any doubts about working with *Penthouse*?

None at all. I thought it was an extremely exciting challenge. I'm very proud to have been asked.

Did this process feel different than the shoots you've produced for the more traditional fashion books?

The stakes are always high when you create a photo shoot, but as I was going out to a new audience that perhaps doesn't know what Passarella is about, I really wanted to impress. In that respect, the stakes were higher.

Were you dealing with any unexpected nerves, or was it business as usual?

It wasn't straightforward. It took months of planning. I wanted to create the best work I could.

Your initial pitch was to use London as a backdrop in the images. Why the sudden change?

The London idea was a great starting point. Passarella is based in London; *Penthouse* was launched in London. But over time a new, more challenging idea began to form, and I just went with it.

Tell me about your goal. How were you trying to communicate your vision of beauty and sexuality?

My creative vision was all about how "we" visualize and represent sexuality ...and how that form is now primarily portrayed via the internet. The aim was to incorporate those elements into the shoot, to take beautiful women and the chaotic nature of the information we are fed in our daily lives and create a representation of that.

I'm not exactly sure where you're going with this.

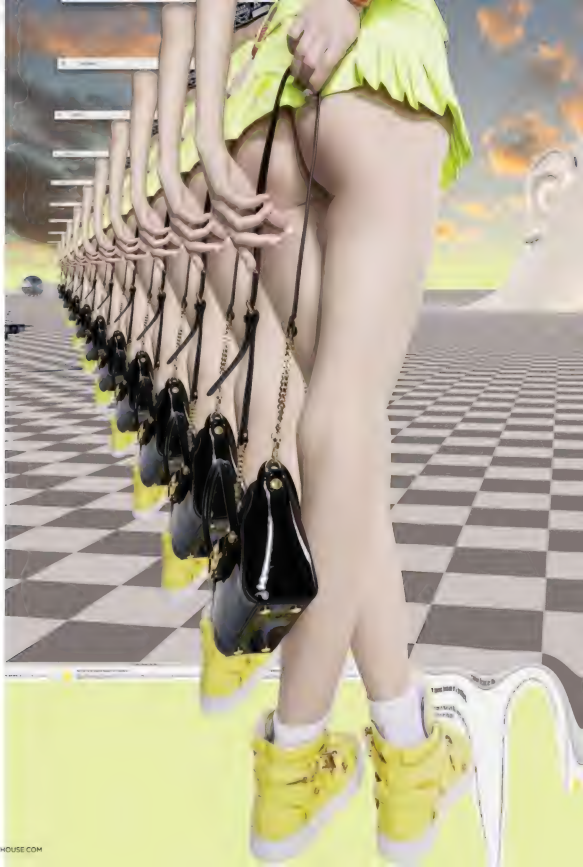
My understanding of beauty exists between two forms, the real and the unreal. Although I am consciously aware that digital beauty is a fabrication—it's a manipulation of a human form in order to create something "better" or more perfect than it already is. There are many occasions where the digital beauty we're presented with is more alluring than reality, and I find that an interesting reflection of where we are as a society now.

So is your ideal woman a digital fabrication of beauty?

Visually it's Ursa in *Superman 2*.







played by the British actress Sarah Douglas: independent, assertive, and strong, but delicate and dramatic. She is a challenge and a reward.

Was there a narrative to your shoot, or were you more focused on producing individual images?

It was really a mixture of the two, but I was focused more on the individual imagery. You can find a narrative in there, but I like the viewer bringing their own narrative to the pictures. That's the nature of the internet. There isn't one clear narrative. It's a rabbit hole, and many pathways can be taken.

How do you approach conveying a vision that abstract?

The theme comes first. I know what I wanted to set out for. From there, I started to plan the setting, models, clothing, and so on.

Do you think the pictures do it justice?

The girls themselves in reality are very beautiful, but they're just one part in the whole connection of the shoot and my idea of exploring beauty as a digitally enhanced vision. Part real, part fabrication. The shoot achieves this.

What were you looking for when you cast Vika, Maria, and Anita as models?

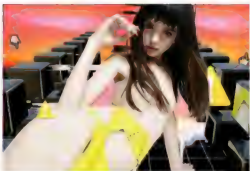
A cross of innocence, delicacy, and sexuality. There was something unconventional about all of them.

How so?

All three girls definitely have something alluring but slightly unconventional about them. Maria is very innocent looking, youthful and almost doll-like in her appearance. There was something sexy about her, but there was also something innocent and pure. Vika was more the ideal female, more "real" as opposed to the unreality of Maria. Anita was a little more of a vixen, a woman at ease with her body and her sexuality.

Was there a standout feature that attracted you to each of them?

The eyes. Eyes are very important; they say a lot. They have an obvious power and allure that captures the strongest of people—the strength to sedate, numb, enliven, and destruct. I wanted to keep the models quite innocent in the shoot. The clean





background enabled me to have a texture I could manipulate and push in different directions.

They each have that classic fashion-model vibe. Was this by design?

It was, and it was mostly done because of the environment I ordinarily work in. It's usually something that's done almost subconsciously, but for this shoot I wanted to be very consciously aware of what type of model I was aiming to work with. Dark, wide eyes. Long legs.

Does this mean we should pay extra attention to the clothing they're wearing?

Every aspect of the shoot matters. There aren't really any things that are more important than the next. The clothes act as a palette, a texture, a layer.

But I imagine it's really more about how you manipulated the images afterward.

The post work was very important. I wanted to create a world that isn't necessarily real. It's about a fantasy. It's about creating something that isn't the everyday reality. I took the conventional way of presenting the female form and fused it with more contemporary ideals. It's about how we can turn something real into something more.

Did you discover anything new about your personal preferences while working on the shoot?

I always enjoy working with beautiful models. This shoot was no exception.

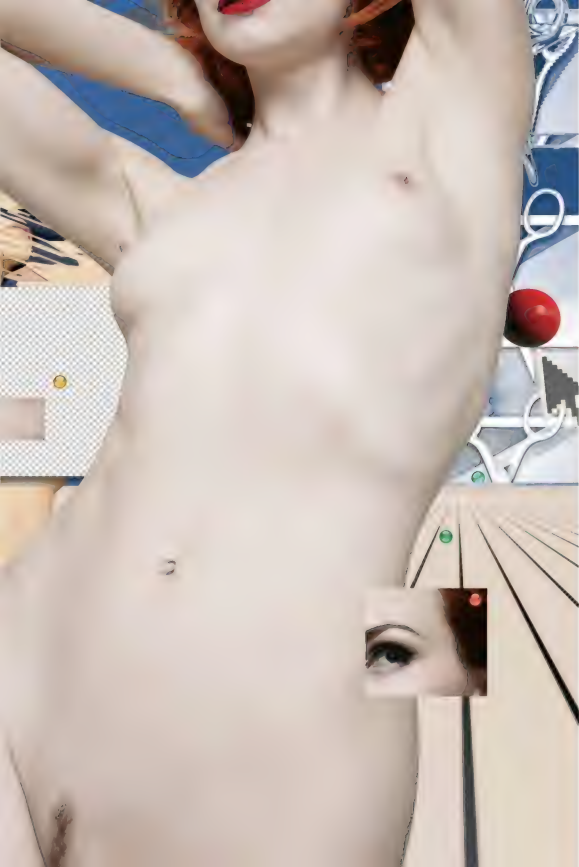
And are the photos an accurate reflection of your deep, dark, private thoughts?

I'm very happy with the shoot. I aimed to deliver a futuristic vision of fashion and beauty. To have an undeniable desire to touch, speak, and share everything with her. For her to push your sensitive buttons in places that make you move.

In hindsight, would you have done anything differently?

I've yet to work on any project where I didn't wish at some point I'd done something differently, simply because you can always think of better, more efficient ways of working in hindsight. But all things considered, I'm thrilled with what we have created for you, and I hope your readers like our work.







SEE MORE OF POP SHOTS
AT PENTHOUSEPOPSHOTS.COM.



50 YEARS OF PENTHOUSE

The magazine in your hands recently celebrated its 45th anniversary, but the very first issue of *Penthouse* came out in London 50 years ago this month. It's time for our origin story.

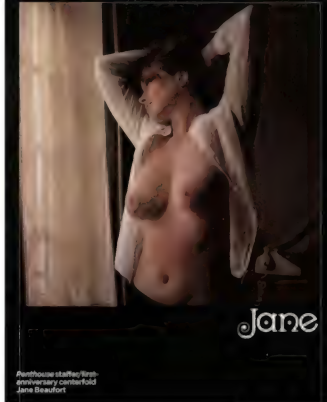
“Men are basically voyeurs, and women are basically exhibitionists.”—*Bob Guccione*



When *Penthouse* was born, 50 years ago, it's safe to say that no one, not even creator Bob Guccione, could have imagined that it would one day be hailed by *Vanity Fair* as “one of the greatest success stories in magazine history, the cornerstone of a multimillion-dollar publishing empire.” In fact, back in 1965, it was far from a sure thing that *Penthouse* would even see the light of day. “Financing the magazine's debut was a nerve-racking business,” *Fortune* magazine reported ten years later. “Guccione was unable to raise any capital, apart from a few thousand dollars contributed by his devoted father.”

But even after he managed to get the first issue printed and began mailing it to subscribers, Guccione faced his first, but by no means last, attack by the powers that be. “An action was started against him under Section II of the Post Office Act for sending indecent matter through the post,” *Fortune* noted. “He contrived, however, to avoid the summonses until the mailing was completed. He simply remained holed up in his house for a fortnight while two police officers awaited him on the street. All the while he received the proofs of his magazine through the letter box and consulted with his tiny staff over the phone. Then he emerged, stood trial, and was fined. The publicity was a great boon, and the first issue of the magazine, which had a press run of 120,000 copies, sold out within a few days of its appearance.”

The magazine's great success in England fueled Brooklyn-born Guccione's determination to bring it to the United States, which he did four years later. As *Rolling Stone* once wrote, the “British distributor mentioned that the magazine was outselling *Playboy* two-to-one among American servicemen



in Vietnam—the prime 18-to-30-year-old male demographic. It was then, Guccione says, that he realized his erotic vision could rival [Hugh] Hefner's in America. So ... in 1969 [he] took out a full-page ad in *The New York Times* showing *Playboy's* rabbit logo in the cross hairs of a gun. The caption read, "We're Going Rabbit Hunting."

Guccione's unrestrained, erotically charged pictorials were unlike anything American men had ever seen, but he knew he needed more than steamy pictorials to build on the magazine's initial sales and then sustain that readership for the long term. Rather than following the *Playboy* formula of paying a lot of money to big-name authors for second-rate writing, he continued to operate the way he had in London, hiring reporters to challenge conventional wisdom and champion underdogs. Instead of aping Hefner's windy, pompous "Playboy philosophy," Guccione published readers' own erotic experiences and fantasies—and the meaning of "a *Penthouse* letter" quickly became internationally known. He hired Xaviera Hollander, a beautiful, controversial New York City madam, to write a sex-advice column. These quickly added to the magazine's spectacular success, as *Penthouse* both reflected and anticipated the era's deconstruction of sexual boundaries.

At the same time, in the early 1970s, Guccione found an ideal subject for his journalistic ambitions. As the Vietnam War wound down in bloody failure, he grew increasingly angry about the treatment of returning soldiers. Whether one supported the war (as Guccione had) or not, the fact that hundreds of thousands of young men had risked—and sometimes sacrificed—their lives should have earned them the nation's highest respect and

gratitude. Instead, these GIs were jeered at and scorned, and their medical and psychological wounds went uncared for. Overwhelmingly, they were without jobs or any hope for the future.

Guccione opened an office in Washington, D.C., and hired a prestigious retired Marine colonel to coordinate lobbying for veterans' needs. Starting in March 1974, *Penthouse* published monthly articles examining all aspects of veterans' experiences. Abandoned by almost everyone else, veterans and their families gratefully valued the magazine's commitment and fervent support. The Washington office placed articles in the *Congressional Record* and fought tirelessly to ensure that veterans' issues were addressed in a timely fashion. Even though America finally woke up to its shameful neglect of its military heroes, *Penthouse* has continued its regular coverage of military and veteran interests throughout the Gulf War and the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan.

The military articles were the most impor-

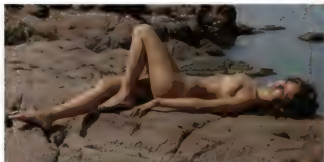
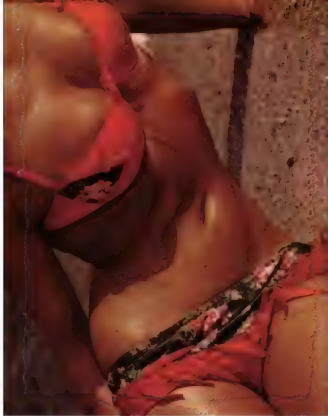
The magazine's success in the U.K. fueled Guccione's determination to bring it to the U.S.



tant, but only one example of *Penthouse's* groundbreaking commitment to investigative journalism. In 1975, two young reporters exposed the deep roots of corruption symbolized by a California resort—where organized crime, the Teamsters Union, the Nixon administration, and shady Hollywood types all met in what the magazine called a “Syndicate in the Sun.” They struck back in a \$522 million lawsuit—the largest in magazine history. Although both sides fought to a draw, spending tens of millions of dollars, and finally deciding to walk away from further litigation, a year later, using many of the documents that *Penthouse* had unearthed in its defense, the *Wall Street Journal* independently investigated the case and published a front-page article that basically reinforced everything that *Penthouse* had published.

The magazine's historic investigative reporting earned it a nomination for a National Magazine Award. In 1975 Guccione was named Publisher of the Year by Brandeis University, which said he was a "new force in the world of publishing. He has increasingly focused his editorial attention on such critical issues of our day as the welfare of the Vietnam veteran and problems of criminality in modern society."

Over the years, the list of reporters and writers published by *Penthouse* read like a who's who of international journalism. They appreciated writing for a magazine willing to spend the kind of money



A recent Israeli bus-trip to a center of Israeli settlement, according to reports, is viewed as a first step toward the return of Jewish settlers to the West Bank. The trip was organized by the Israeli Ministry of Defense and the Ministry of Education, and was the first of a series of such trips. The trip was a success, and the settlers were well received by the local population. The trip was a success, and the settlers were well received by the local population. The trip was a success, and the settlers were well received by the local population.

The first anniversary edition of British *Penthouse* included "the Nudest Beach Set."

and make the legal commitment necessary to investigate corruption and wrongdoing of all kinds. In the 1980s, the magazine started focusing on abuses by the medical establishment, exposing waste and corruption and covering alternative treatments, many of which have become more mainstream over the years. And once more, these articles earned the magazine dedicated readers and praise from its journalist peers, including the American Society of Journalists and Authors' Excellence Award in 1995.

Of course not all *Penthouse* journalism was heavy-duty life-and-death exposés. The magazine made waves with its coverage of sports, entertainment, and the arts, as just a small selection of the bold-face names who appeared in its pages over the years demonstrates: Muhammad Ali, John Lennon and Yoko Ono, Charles Schulz, Groucho Marx, Pete Townshend, Johnny Cash, Stevie Wonder, Merle Haggard, Steven Spielberg, Willie Nelson, Charlton Heston, Loretta Lynn, Mick Jagger, Billy Joel, Jay Leno, Roseanne Barr, Mike Tyson, Kelly Richards, Henry Rollins, Kevin Smith, Russell Brand, Johnny Galecki, Ridley Scott, and Morgan Freeman.

The magazine also published many of America's leading novelists, offering readers some of the best fiction in the world from such writers as Stephen

Booted Beauty



Miss Denise Johns, our lovely Pet-of-the-Month, makes her photographic debut side by side with the first issue of PENTHOUSE. Denise, initially known as D. J. (pseudonym Don Jay) by a small but ever increasing circle of friends, is the first lady in an exclusive series of Penthouse Pets destined to grace these come pages.

The very first Penthouse Pet of the Month, Denise Johns

Many popular sections of Penthouse have their roots in the original British edition.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

IN JUNE 1969, PENTHOUSE FORUM WAS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN THE HISTORY OF PENTHOUSE. IT WAS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN THE HISTORY OF PENTHOUSE. IT WAS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN THE HISTORY OF PENTHOUSE.

Forum Features

In December, 1969, PENTHOUSE first published a forum. It was the first of its kind in the history of the magazine. It was the first of its kind in the history of the magazine. It was the first of its kind in the history of the magazine.

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King, Isaac Asimov, James Baldwin, Anthony Burgess, Gore Vidal, Joyce Carol Oates, Philip Roth, Kurt Vonnegut, William F. Buckley Jr., James Michener, Tom Clancy, and Jimmy Breslin.

Despite all the prestigious awards and big names, there's no ignoring the fact that first and foremost Penthouse magazine made its mark over the decades with the kind of bold nude photography that Guccione debuted in its very first issue in 1965. The September 1984 issue with photographs of Miss America Vanessa Williams made publishing history, with a print run of 5,643,370 selling out practically overnight. This was followed up by several other "celebrity" nude pictorials, including Madonna, Gennifer Flowers, Paula Jones, and Tonya Harding.

Rolling Stone magazine, in a tribute published in the twilight years of the Guccione era, ideally encapsulated his legacy: "Penthouse" "did more to liberate puritan America from its deepest sexual taboos than any magazine before or since," and was "the greatest adult magazine in history."

Now, 50 years later, the Penthouse brand includes TV channels, gentlemen's clubs, websites, international editions, and a line of licensed products that enhance both our lifestyles and our sex lives, allowing us to fully encompass the idea of living "life on top." We offer a rundown of that wide range of products on the following pages. ▶



EDITOR ROBERT GUCCIONE

There's a man in the photo portrayed
In our depths engaged in his trade
He became quite skilled
Over things he created
I specially the women he made

A famous pen name named I used
Was previous in the point of desire
His idea of a pen
Had a serious look back
And a pen named 44 year

A middle who didn't in Guccione
His readers of graceful demeanor,
And wherever he goes
He's a person of interest
The reason upon young America

There was a young girl who in England
Approved and accepted regularly
And she was in a dream
Was she a person of interest
And a pen named 44 year

I enjoyed young girls named Dick
And several times I have passed them dark
Some times in a room
Was it a person of interest
And a pen named 44 year

There was a young girl who in England
Approved and accepted regularly
And she was in a dream
Was she a person of interest
And a pen named 44 year

There was a young girl who in England
Approved and accepted regularly
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There was a young girl who in England
Approved and accepted regularly
And she was in a dream
Was she a person of interest
And a pen named 44 year

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

For 50 years, the Penthouse brand has been all about quality, from the beautiful women who grace the pages of the magazine to the editorial and erotic content we provide our readers and viewers. Our licensed product lines carry on that tradition, featuring goods that enhance both our lifestyles and our sex lives.



The Penthouse Store

PenthouseStore.com features the best of the Penthouse brand's licensed products—including our line of sex toys from Topco Sales—as well as a selection of complementary lifestyle products, making it the ideal one-stop-shopping site for everything you need to make the most of your sexual experiences. You can search for specific products, browse categories (Sex Toys, Movies, Fetish & Bondage, Lubes & Lotions, Lingerie, Shoes, Costumes, For Him, For Her), or shop by experience (including Striptease, Weekend Getaway, Honeymoon, *Fifty Shades of Grey*, and recommendations from a number of Pets).



Penthouse Spirits

This year will see the launch of:

- a Dutch-distilled vodka
- a Canadian barrel-aged whiskey
- a tequila-and-whiskey fusion highlighting the sweet top notes of whiskey and the bold finish of a tequila
- Libido Libations, male and female versions of premium cherry vodka that are best enjoyed with that special someone.



Penthouse Wine

Our new collection of fine wines includes varietals made from grapes that are handpicked in the most prestigious regions of central California and sunny Australia. Offerings include a Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Shiraz, and Sauvignon Blanc, plus two sparkling wines.



Penthouse Fragrances

Our Penthouse-branded fragrances—Life on Top cologne for men and Blooming Passion perfume for women—feature modern packaging and appealing scents. Both fragrances are available on PenthouseStore.com as gift sets.



Penthouse Collaboration With Sid Maurer

Penthouse has selected Sid Maurer to be one of the official artists memorializing some of the most popular Penthouse Pets of the past five decades, which will also include 1993 Pet of the Year Julie Strain, September 2008 Pet of the Month Kayden Kross, and 2007 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Krista Ayne. The 12 original paintings will be part of an exhibition touring the world in 2015 to celebrate Penthouse's 50th brand anniversary. Images painted by Maurer will be available for licensing in various territories.



Passarella Death Squad x Penthouse Collaboration

Passarella Death Squad, the Anglo-Japanese fashion label with a cult following, has collaborated with Penthouse on five exclusive T-shirt designs. The artwork comes from the *Penthouse* archive, and has been cropped, photographed, and treated by designer Danny Brodrie. The T-shirts are made to Passarella Death Squad standards, using Japanese fabrics. They come in a tapered fit, with a slightly larger than usual neck, and will retail at luxury stores and on PenthouseStore.com for approximately \$75.00.

“Dear”

THE HIGHLIGHTS OF OUR HISTORY



**September
1969**

The first American issue of *Penthouse* is published.



**March
1970**

Penthouse Forum is bundled with the March issue of *Penthouse* as a pocket-size insert. The first stand-alone issue is published a month later.



**January
1976**

Girls of Penthouse, a bimonthly pictorial-driven publication, debuts.



**July
1976**

Wonderful World of Penthouse Sex is released, and followed by almost a dozen *Penthouse Letters* titles. The current *Letters to Penthouse* series, which began in 1989, just hit Volume 58: *She's Wild! She's Horny! She's Married!*



**Fall
1977**

Forum Presents Variations, a compilation of *Forum's* fan-favorite letters, hits newsstands.



**October
1979**

Penthouse Variations begins publishing bimonthly.



**October
1980**

Penthouse Letters debuts. *Penthouse Variations* becomes a monthly publication.



**March
1984**

Penthouse Variations publishes an excerpt from the now-classic BOSH book *Beauty's Punishment* by "anonymous" erotica writer A. H. Roquesaure, via Anne Rice.



**October
1984**

Penthouse Letters becomes a monthly publication, and is subtitled "the Magazine of Sexual Love War" for the first time.



**November
1988**

Penthouse Forum begins appearing in *Penthouse*.

Penthouse ..."

Decades before *Fifty Shades of Grey*, the Forum letter became a cultural phenomenon. And while we don't want to boast that we invented "erotic fan fiction," well, in addition to publishing tales from our readers, we invented "erotic fan fiction."

Penthouse expanded its print line within a year of arriving on these shores, becoming a giant in the field of erotica by the mid-seventies. Our sister publications and print books formed the core of our expansion, although the past year has seen the creation of a number of digital titles. Through the years each title has developed its own place in the Penthouse family.

Penthouse Forum

The digest-size spin-off of *Penthouse* was originally subtitled "the International Journal of Human Relations." It's changed the way Americans look at human sexuality, pornography, and, ultimately, themselves. Its focus is on providing information and erotica for couples of all types. Editorial content

includes tips on improving sexual technique; advice on the positives and pitfalls of, say, marriage, adultery, or divorce; and information on sex toys, vitamins, and exercise.

Girls of Penthouse

This pictorial-based spin-off title is perfect for those times when one needs a quick pick-me-up of sexy girls, without all those pesky words getting in the way.

Penthouse Variations

In 1977, we published *Forum Presents Variations*, a compilation of *Penthouse Forum*'s kindest letters. It proved to be so popular that a spin-off

title was launched the following year. *Penthouse Variations* featured stories from now-renowned writers, including A. N. Roquelaure (Anne Rice), Marco Vassi, Pat Califia, and Jerry Stahl. *Variations* continues to print the best in BDSM/fetish fiction and erotic reader confessions.

Penthouse Letters

"The Magazine of Sexual Marvels" offers a titillating treasure trove of the horny hookups and dirty deeds our friends and neighbors share. *Penthouse* readers will find this sister publication a carnal complement to the naughty nuggets they enjoy in *Forum* letters.



January 1994

The first standalone issue of *Penthouse* *Comix* is released, featuring artwork by Adam Hughes, Kevin Rowland, Arthur Jergman, Gary Leach, and Norio Albano.



June 1999

The first white-watching issue of *Penthouse* *Letters* is published.



August 2001

Penthouse: Between the Sheets, the first collection of stories from the long-running *Bedtime Stories* section of *Penthouse*, is published.



May 2007

The first *Girls of Penthouse* *Pet of the Year* annual special comes out, featuring *Pet of the Year* Heather Vandeven.



January 2013

Our first self-published eBooks are released: *Penthouse Forum Presents the Sizzling Seventies*, *Penthouse Presents Shitty Seconds*, and *Penthouse Variations Presents Anal Couples*.



April 2014

Penthouse: 45th Anniversary Special-Edition Collector's Book is published.



May 2014

Penthouse Art Audits: Volume 1, our first erotic-art digital publication, becomes available on Zinio.com and SkinMagz.com; it's followed by *RockAttack: Top-Flopping Brunettes*.



August 2014

We adopt a new method of delivering porn with *Girls of Penthouse Sex Tour 2014*, a digital publication with five XXX scenes, available exclusively at SkinMagz.com. It's followed by *Penthouse Letters: Wild Watchers See You 2014* and *Variations: Best of Sex*.



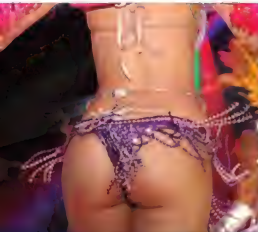
October 2014

Penthouse Variations on Oral: Erotic Stories of Going Down, the first book in a new series published by Oeis Press, is released.



March 2015

Penthouse 50th Anniversary 3-D Book is published.



Pets Sabrina and Rose at the San Francisco club opening in March.



Our 2013 Pet of the Month Arlison (right) and another at the Tampa club in August 2013.



September 2014 Pet of the Month Ariana Marie at the Tampa club.



Phoenix's hottest performer at a Carnival celebration.



Where the Magazine Comes to Life

Gentlemen's clubs boasting the Penthouse name are unique, high-end destinations known for luxurious décor and private rooms, first-rate restaurants with award-winning chefs, topflight drink options, and—of course—beautiful women.

Experience everything Penthouse Clubs offer in the following cities:

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Denver
Detroit
New Orleans
New York
San Francisco
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
St. Louis
Tampa

Auckland, New Zealand
Moscow, Russia
Kharkov, Ukraine
Paris, France
Perth, Australia

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www.penthousespirits.com





NO FREE
SPEECH,
PLEASE

WE'RE
BRITISH

The U.K.'s online-sex censorship crusade is a toxic encounter between government arrogance and things it simply does not understand: sex, free speech, and the internet.

By Violet Blue

The United Kingdom's headlining slide into becoming the West's premier country for internet censorship began with a controversial—and mandatory—default internet filter at the ISP (internet service provider) level that's been nicknamed "the Great British Firewall," after China's notoriously oppressive and restrictive government internet filter. The British ban came about when religious organizations and conservatives decided the government needed to force ISPs into default filtering to protect children from pornography. The charge, led by conservative Member of Parliament Claire Perry and Prime Minister David Cameron, started with the Online Safety Bill (2010-12).

Like anti-porn pundits in America, Perry's arguments about the harms of

pornography have gone unsupported by unbiased data or clinical studies. Some believed her campaign was in bed with anti-file-sharing copyright lobbyists like the Motion Picture Academy of America, as the filter campaign conflated file sharing with pornography at every chance. When the file-sharing site Pirate Bay was sentenced to a High Court blocking order in 2012, Perry appeared on every media outlet that would take her; on a May 1 BBC Radio 4 show, she compared Pirate Bay operators to pedophiles.

As had been predicted, the Great British Firewall blocks much more than porn sites, blacking out travel sites, the internet tool Tor, torrent sites, and the oldest and largest association of computer hackers in Europe, the Chaos Computer Club. Displaying ignorance about porn, tech, and responsibility in equal measures, Perry and Cameron tried

to make ISPs responsible for blocking "unwanted" content, and then officials held several meetings with Google, insisting that the search engine clean up the internet. When they finally realized that neither ISPs nor Google actually were the internet, Cameron and company set their sights on changing the U.K.'s obscenity legislation.

They did so quietly. The Audio-visual Media Services Regulations 2014 was approved in Parliament on November 6, 2014. It requires that online video-on-demand porn adhere to the same guidelines for DVD porn set by the British Board of Film Censors (BBFC). On December 1, 2014, the U.K. government changed legislation to create a list of sex acts to be banned from online porn videos filmed in-country, in a bid to crack down on "harmful" content.

Everyone from media and celebrities to pro-porn feminists and some

U.K. government representatives find the list of unacceptable acts to be bizarrely antifemale, and out of touch with modern consensual-adult sex practices. The acts include: spanking, caning, aggressive whipping, penetration by any object "associated with violence," physical or verbal abuse (even if consensual), urolagnia (aka water sports), roleplaying as non-adults, physical restraint, female ejaculation, strangulation, face-sitting, and fisting.

Critics have countered that the bans are arbitrary and sexist, as many of these acts reflect depictions of female pleasure and power. In fact, the hammer came down on some pretty popular sex acts and fantasies. According to an October 2014 *Journal of Sexual Medicine* paper, roleplaying as non-adults is a common sexual fantasy for 57 percent of men and 18 percent of women. The paper also found that 36 percent of women and 28 percent of men fantasized about being spanked or whipped for sexual pleasure; *Business Insider* estimated that the banning of this alone would affect around 17 million British adults. As for fisting, Deborah Addington's physician-approved how-to book on vaginal fisting, *A Hand in the Bush*, released No. 4 on Amazon's sales chart in February 2000 (until it sold out).

The prohibition on female ejaculation is a particularly sticky wicket in light of the fact that it runs counter to the BBFC's decision to give female ejaculation a pass in one high-profile case. The BBFC has historically banned films that show female ejaculation, claiming that the expert medical advice it solicited maintains there is no such thing; therefore any depiction of a woman's ejaculation was "pee porn." But in 2009, female British pornographer Anna Span submitted one of her adult films for R18+ approval with a female-ejaculation scene in it. When the BBFC told her it couldn't pass because of the alleged water

sports, Span had her defense ready. She presented medical research, ultrasound and biochemical studies, and—the coup de grâce—results from a lab analyzing the actual ejaculate expelled by the climaxing performer in her film that showed the fluid was definitely not urine.

After examining Span's clear, conclusive evidence of women's ability to ejaculate, the BBFC gave the scene a pass. Unfortunately for people who like to see female orgasms in their porn, the BBFC wouldn't take a stance either way about the real issue (female orgasm disallowed under a false premise), and said that their lawyers advised it to let this one slide—presumably because Span was ready to fight.

That the BBFC chose to ban fisting, face-sitting, and female ejaculation gives ground to accusations of sexism and discrimination. In response, a protest occurred outside Parliament 11 days after the legislation went into effect, complete with a mass face-sitting. Organizer and sex worker Charlotte Rose didn't set the record for simultaneous face-sitting, but everyone sure noticed that she tried. If lawmakers had hoped no one would be aware of the new regulations, they were proved wrong; thanks to global media coverage of dominatrices sitting on the faces of smiling men outside Westminster, lots and lots of people noticed—including Deputy Prime Minister Nick Clegg. Telling the press he backed Liberal Democrat MPs in opposition of the new rules, he said politicians should have no role in deciding how people "get their kicks." (The face-sitting restriction was lifted in January).

The U.K. government's war on open internet access, built on a foundation of destroying sex speech, combined with its adjacent war on female sexuality, is a study in delusion and arrogance. Unchecked, it's a chilling specter, warning that the future for suppression of speech in the U.K. is as bright as it is toxic. **—M**



Sex worker Charlotte Rose's protest outside Parliament didn't set the record for simultaneous face-sitting, but everyone sure noticed that she tried.



THE LAST DESERTER STANDING

During the height of the Iraq War, more than 200 soldiers and marines deserted and fled to Canada, a war-resister haven during the Vietnam War. These aren't draft dodgers, though; many are veterans of combat who could no longer serve in a conflict they couldn't believe in.

By John Rico

The American war resisters are fighting a losing battle for asylum against a conservative Canadian government determined to make life as hard as possible. For instance, it's difficult for Joshua Key to find work. Key was a welder in Oklahoma before the war, and he'd like to get his welding certification; the Canadian government continues to refuse him. The government also requires Key to pay hundreds of dollars each year

to renew his work permit, a lengthy bureaucratic process that takes months, which results in as many months of unemployment. Recently, believing the annual permit to be too lenient, the government decided to require a new permit every six months. Not that it makes a difference; no one wants to hire someone who might be deported at any moment.

And then there's Operation Bulletin 202, an executive order requiring asylum decision-makers to defer to top government officials, which ensures

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY STACEY FOR PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE
CANADIAN PRESS/COLENTINE LARROCHE

the war resisters have no legal victories. Since Bulletin 202 went into effect in July 2010, every deserter has been decided against in court at every juncture. There's also a new omnibus budget plan to cut all social assistance, which would deny the deserters access to Canada's world-famous socialized health care.

The goal is to make things as difficult as possible, to force Key and the other resisters to give up and go back to the United States, where federal officials would take them into custody immediately and escort them to prison to await court-martial hearings for desertion at a time of war.

Key is used to tough times, however. Becoming a war resister meant embracing a life of punitive action, a life of consequences, and a life of insults. He claims he's already endured one attempt by Army Criminal Investigation Command agents who were working with Canadian law-enforcement officials to force him back to American soil. Web pages call him out as a coward, and the fiery rage in the comments sections argue for him to be killed.

Not to mention that five years ago his wife took their children back across the border to the States, then divorced Key and moved away with the kids. Key's wife, who had been understanding in the beginning, simply couldn't handle it any longer. Key hasn't heard from or seen his children since they left. He wants to go looking for them, but, of course, he can't. They're in America.



IF JOSHUA KEY WAS GOING TO DIE, IT WAS GOING TO BE PROTECTING HIS CHILDREN, OR DOING SOMETHING HONORABLE. HE DIDN'T WANT TO DIE FOR GEORGE BUSH'S LIE.



That was a particularly raw wound, given that Key already had been effectively disowned by aunts and uncles and cousins who are ashamed of him for fleeing his country, for being a coward, for being a goddamn yellow-bellied deserter.

Except Key isn't a coward; he's a combat vet—one who has endured more blood, bullets, and death than a lot of soldiers, and most certainly one who's endured more than the civilians from whom the calls of cowardice are greatest.

Like a lot of young soldiers, Key joined the U.S. Army in 2002 to provide for his family. His recruiter enticed him with the idea of health care for his family and a nondeployable position, which would ensure he would be home each night to care for his children. Key says he was told he would build bridges in the continental United States; he never built a single bridge. Instead, a year after his enlistment, he found himself working as an infantryman for the 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment in the initial invasion of Iraq, kicking in doors and getting in firefights. He says he's not quite sure how he ended up in that position, except that the early part of the war was chaotic. Water-purification specialists became truck drivers, supply clerks pulled security for convoys, and bridge builders became infantrymen. This was a twenty-first-century Army, and that meant it was an adaptive Army.

Key tells me over the phone that the violence was

raw in those early days. No one was counting dead civilians yet or worrying about offending Muslim religious customs. He claims you could pretty much shoot whomever you wanted, and U.S. soldiers made full use of that freedom. His initial support for the war, deposing Saddam Hussein, and finding weapons of mass destruction slowly waned as he saw the process of radicalization in front of him: American soldiers kicked in doors, frightened children and women, humiliated men, and killed civilians (sometimes accidentally, sometimes not). "How would Americans react to an occupying army doing this on American soil?" he asks me. "We just took all males [taller than] five feet into custody. They just disappeared somewhere. You started to see people get angry at us."

I know exactly what Key is trying to say, because I experienced it during my own combat tour in Afghanistan. When asked what I did there, I often just reply: "Killed a bunch of farmers that were pissed at us for being in their country." I usually assume that the soldiers who replaced my outgoing unit in mid-2005 ended up fighting the families of the Afghans we killed in 2004. It's the sort of endless cycle that ensures we never run out of bad guys.

Key is still haunted by some of the violence he tells me he witnessed: Soldiers kicking around and playing soccer with the decapitated heads of Iraqis at a military checkpoint. A young Iraqi girl Key had befriended, who provided for her family by looking

cute and negotiating for food from soldiers, getting her head blown off right in front of him.

And to top it off, there weren't even any weapons of mass destruction. "I came back half the man I was," Key explains. He chose not to participate any longer in a war that was being waged without purpose, where he was forced to participate in acts he felt to be morally compromising. It was a war that the American people were manipulated into supporting, one in which the people being saved didn't want our help. Key wasn't afraid of dying, but if he was going to die, it was going to be protecting his children, or doing something honorable. He didn't want to die for George Bush's lie.

Dean Walcott was a marine posted to a surgical hospital in Germany, where he witnessed the results of war delivered straight to his door. The burned marines and soldiers with missing limbs he could handle—they signed up for it. But the Iraqi children who were airlifted in... they got to him. Walcott completed his deployment and returned home, where he started going crazy, spending hours in a dark room. Everywhere he went, he smelled bandages and tape and antiseptic cream. (It should be noted that the hospital tour was his second; Walcott had already served in Iraq, performing combat operations as a military police officer.) Walcott wanted to see a doctor, but says his command structure refused him, telling him to toughen up. He fled to Canada in the hope of getting treatment.

A soldier who wishes to remain unidentified explained his combat tour in Afghanistan over email: "We had a change of command mid-deployment, and that saw us go from a bookish captain to a bat-shit-crazy Delta Force guy. We took over new battle space north of the K-G Pass [Khost-Gardez Pass, a treacherous main connecting route]. That's pretty much when people started dying and we started killing folks." He completed his full 18-month combat tour before he fled to Canada. Like Key, he simply couldn't entertain the idea of a second tour in a war he felt was morally wrong.

American war resisters fled to Canada throughout the 2000s for all sorts of reasons. One was tired of having his active-duty service involuntarily extended. As the story goes, his tour was over but he was stop-lossed and sent back to war. When he came home with just a month left of service, he returned to a unit that was ready to deploy and was again sent back to war. This soldier, who had long ago finished his tour of duty, was forced to serve multiple deployments without break. He left for Canada so he could finally get out of the Army.

Others left because they signed up to fight in Afghanistan and, before they deployed, their government had fabricated claims that there were weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, made a global pronouncement at the UN, and begun an invasion against a country that had never attacked us.

And yes, others left because of cowardice.

"You cowards signed a contract!" That's the argument the war resisters hear most often. But a "contract" also means that the government has to



DEAN WALCOTT AND OTHER WAR RESISTERS MIGHT HAVE BROKEN A CONTRACT, BUT SO DID THEIR GOVERNMENT.

hold up its end of the bargain. That means not lying about the reasons the war is needed. That means not lying about being able to build bridges. It means providing medical assistance when required. Key and Walcott might have broken a contract, but so did their government.

Key, Walcott, and others are still fighting, although their available legal maneuvers are winnowing, their appeals running out. Their hope is that they can wait it out until the next election, when there is a widely held belief that Prime Minister Stephen Harper and his conservative party will be voted out of office. The political left has been more vocal about its support of American war resisters. There's still a dormant pride in Canada about providing refuge to tens of thousands of American draft dodgers during the Vietnam War, most of whom were given refuge and residency.

The current Canadian government's hope, apparently, is that it can make life so difficult in the interim that Key and the others will go back to the States of their own volition. Now 36 years old, Key realizes that his decade-old decision to not return to Iraq has become the defining event of his life.

The standard penalty in America for those who have already returned or been deported is around 15 months. I asked Key if he thinks about just doing the 15 months and moving on. He says he investigated it at one point, had a lawyer begin negotiations. The lawyer came back and said Key could end up serving a lot longer than 15 months. The American government is going hard on those who spoke up against the war, and Key has been a frequent public speaker. Besides, he reminds me, he has a new wife and children; Canada is home now. ☐

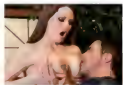
The author was an infantry soldier and served in Afghanistan. His wartime memoir, *Blood Makes the Grass Grow Green*, was published in 2006.



Foreplay Moves That Actually Work

Our sister website, AdultFriendFinder.com, is providing a sensual, steamy, and stimulating way for its Gold members to increase their sexual skills, as well as their sexual satisfaction. This month we present a six-step approach to one of your partner's favorite things: foreplay.

By Ava Cadell, PhD



Most guys will admit that a handjob while watching porn is all they need when it comes to foreplay, but there are other erotic moves—like mammary sex (titty-fucking), axillary sex (humping the armpit), and gluteal sex (rubbing between the butt cheeks)—that a woman can use to pleasure a penis without using her vagina. Men might be surprised to learn that foreplay can easily be the main sexual event.

1. It's in your kiss. It's likely to surprise no one that kissing is the part of foreplay that gets a woman's juices flowing. For the perfect makeout kiss, lock lips and alternate between tongue-flicking and tongue-sucking as you press your body against hers and use your hands to caress her hair and neck. Since it takes her longer than you to get revved up, instead of diving between her legs, try giving her a foot massage. Odds are, she'll spread her thighs for you, as the brain's sensory area for the foot is right next to the sensory area for the clitoris.

2. Nip it in the bud. As her arousal level heightens, continue to tease her by paying attention to her breasts, which can lead to orgasmic foreplay. Having her breasts caressed and nipples sucked releases oxytocin, the bonding chemical that makes a woman feel like she's in love. Lick each breast with the flat of your tongue in lapping motions all around to cover every inch. Follow your tongue with light fingertip caresses, leaving her

nipples until last. When both breasts are suitably wet, cup your hand over one so that the tip of her nipple rests between your thumb and your index finger. Squeeze her nipple to raise it slightly, then lick it with the tip of your tongue in circular motions. After about a dozen or so licks, suck it gently but firmly, pulling your head up and down at the same time. Move onto the other breast and nipple, and then give equal attention to both. If she starts to climax, don't stop or change what you're doing. Let her push you away when she's had enough.

Many men have sensitive nipples, and having them licked can be a big turn-on. For male stimulation, the directions are pretty much the same, except men generally are more interested in immediate nipple contact, with deeper sucking motions and less

teasing. Some men also enjoy having their nipples nibbled on, which means, ladies, it's up to you to find out how much pain or pleasure he wants. Some men have one nipple that is more sensitive, so while you suck on one, pinch the other and ask him which feels most erotic. You could introduce him to a nipple-gasm.

3. Put the "play" in foreplay.

Try games like a naked pillow fight, tickle war, strip poker, or hide-the-honey (when your blindfolded lover has to find the honey on your body using only her tongue).

4. Keep the playing field level.

Oral foreplay should be mutual, so get into the sixty-nine position with either you or her on top, or even sideways if it's more comfortable. All that matters is that you're both givers of oral pleasure. Ladies, use your hands as an extension of your mouth by caressing his testicles while sucking his shaft. Gentlemen, try inserting a finger to find her G spot while you lick her clitoris.

5. Be safe out there. For safer-sex foreplay, engage in mutual masturbation and watch each other get off. You also can masturbate each other or add sex toys, such as a vibrator for the clitoris, a dildo for the vagina, and a butt plug for the anus. Toys can ignite passion and pleasure for you both, and give you memorable visuals of your lover's orgasms.

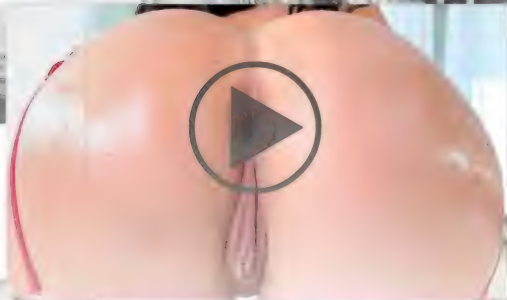
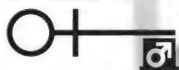
6. Talk it out. Dirty talk that compliments your lover and lets her know what you want works every time. Try telling her how sexy she is and that you want her right now. Ladies, tell him if he feels so good inside you that you want to scream. Use your lover's name for added hotness.

Now that I've made the case for foreplay as the main event, let me point out that the Sex Academy Foreplay course and video have more ideas, from kissing and erotic breath to undressing, sexual touch, and aphrodisiacs, all of which will ignite your desire and satisfy your sexual appetite. **PA**



Dr. Ava Cadell is a world-renowned expert with a master's degree in human behavior and a PhD in human sexuality. She is president of the American College of Sexologists International, the founder of Loveology University, a media therapist, a global speaker, and the author of nine books.

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DALUSH LIFE

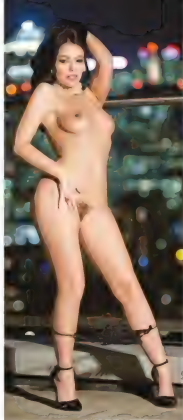
We weren't kidding when we dubbed this the New British Invasion issue. Ava Dalush, the British beauty with the lush curves who we selected to be our Pet of the Month, has invaded our fantasies—and we're not letting go of her anytime soon. It's a safe bet that she'll do the same to you.

Photographs by Davide Esposito





"The biggest turn-on for me is a good sense of humor, and I like a guy who knows what he's doing. He also has to be able to deal with an independent lady."








"My idea of
a perfect
date is driving
to Monaco
from London
in a Bugatti
and watching
Formula 1
racing."



A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is sitting on a light-colored, tufted sofa. She is leaning back, resting her head on her hand, and looking towards the camera. Her legs are bent and crossed in front of her. She is wearing a thin, light-colored strapless top. The background is a large window with a view of a city skyline. The lighting is bright and natural, suggesting daytime.

"If I fall in
love with
a guy's
humor,
I'm ready
to make
love with
him. And I
make sure
he knows
that by just
dropping
it on him!"



↓ TEAR HERE ↓

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AVA DALUSH MARCH 2015 PET OF THE MONTH

Ava Dalush



"I don't know if I could be faithful to one man; I like to try out whomever I want. But the only time I have sex with strangers is when I'm shooting porn."



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SMASH HITS

The rock guitarist insolently smashing his expensive instrument onstage is a long-standing cliché. But how did it get that way, and when did it start?

By Nick Redfern

Nineteen sixty-four was a memorable year in rock 'n' roll history. Britain's *Top of the Pops* and America's *Shindig!* debuted, the Beatles invaded the United States, Sam Cooke was fatally shot, Elvis costarred with Ann-Margret in *Viva Las Vegas*, the Rolling Stones released their first album, and "Louie, Louie" was declared pornographic. But that's not all.

In early September 1964, a certain incident went down in London, England, that has since become historic. It was all thanks to Pete Townshend, guitarist for the Who. The location where rock music was forever changed—ironically, by accident—was the Railway Tavern.

The club had a perilously low ceiling, one that was certainly not constructed to deal with a highly animated guitarist like Townshend. It wasn't long before guitar and ceiling crossed paths in violent



fashion. The former came off worse, with a cracked neck. For a furious Townshend, there was only one option: to damage the broken guitar even more. Hell, let's get straight to the point: He destroyed it.

In 1967, at the Monterey International Pop Music Festival, Jimi Hendrix chose to go one step further. Determined to outdo Townshend, whose band performed before him at the event, Hendrix doused his guitar in lighter fluid and set it on fire. Or, rather, he set a guitar on fire. At the time, Hendrix played a black Fender Stratocaster. There was no way, however, that Jimi was going to destroy his pride and joy. As the gig came to a close, he swapped his Fender for a cheaper guitar, one for which the only future was fiery devastation.

As the sixties became the seventies, the guitar termination continued, perhaps most memorably at the California Jam gig held in Ontario, California, on April 6, 1974. Ritchie Blackmore of Deep Purple brought his guitar down on one of several ABC cameras that were covering the event. Damage to the camera was estimated to be in the region of \$10,000. The band's management coughed up the dough. It was, after all, only rock 'n' roll, as someone once said.

It's hardly surprising that when punk rock exploded in the mid-1970s, the blank generation quickly picked up on the guitar-breaking tradition, although not always in the way one might imagine. When seminal, mop-topped punks the Ramones played their first gig in 1974, bassist Dee Dee Ramone, hit by a severe bout of stage fright, accidentally stepped on the neck of his bass and broke it in two. Dee Dee's actions, unsurprisingly, didn't quite have the impact of the Who's a decade earlier.

New York punks the Plasmatics did a far better job. They concluded the best way to destroy a guitar was



not by slamming it down on a stage, but by taking a chain saw to it. The end result, however, was pretty much the same. The image of the band's singer, Wendy O. Williams, dressed in next to nothing (except for underwear, boots, and black tape on her nipples), sporting a Mohawk, and treating a six-string like one of the unfortunate souls in *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, took guitar destruction to a whole new level.

Speaking of images, we have photographer Pennie Smith to thank for providing us with the ultimate shot of a punk rocker giving his guitar exactly what it deserved. The front cover of the Clash's 1979 album *London Calling* shows bassist Paul Simonon in the act of deconstructing his instrument in dramatic fashion.

Then there was Sid Vicious, of London spiky-tops the Sex Pistols. Not content with breaking his bass guitar onstage, Vicious decided to take a new and novel approach: He used it to try to hit someone in the audience. It was January 1978, and the location was Randy's Rodeo in San Antonio, Texas. Needless to say, a band like the Sex Pistols was unlikely to receive a positive recep-

tion in the Deep South.

One taunting member of the audience in particular—Brian Faltin—had gotten heroin-saturated Vicious in such a state of rage that the skinny Brit took off his bass, held it firmly and proudly by the neck in definitive Townshend style, and did his very best to bring it down on Faltin's head. Fortunately for Faltin—a Jethro Tull and Moody Blues fan who, admittedly, attended the show to cause trouble—the bass bounced off the shoulder of a roadie. To Vicious's chagrin, even the instrument remained undamaged.

The 1970s also saw Hollywood infected by the desire to use guitars for something other than actually playing music. In the 1978 movie *Animal House*, John Belushi's character, John "Bluto" Blutarsky, memorably smashes into pieces the acoustic guitar of a tedious hippie-meets-beatnik type, played by soft-rock singer-songwriter Stephen Bishop, who still has the guitar. Good for Bluto, we say.

From Townshend to the Clash, the song may not have remained the same, but the style certainly did. That was the case throughout the 1980s and 1990s, too. KISS's Paul Stanley

destroyed his guitar almost as many times as his longtime bandmate Gene Simmons poked his tongue out at the audience. Stanley continues to do so.

When grunge became the next big thing in the early 1990s, the face of music radically changed. Utterly gone were the bombastic power ballads of the previous decade. Also gone were tiresome fret-wankers, guys who looked like over-the-hill street-walkers, and big hair. But one thing did not change. By now, you know what that is.

One of the finest, grungiest purveyors of instrument obliteration in the nineties was Nirvana's Kurt Cobain. In 2011, 17 years after Cobain took his own life, the very first guitar he ever destroyed—a Univox Hi-Flyer—was put on display at the Experience Music Project in Seattle. Fans flocked eagerly to see the guitar, or what was left of it.

As for the twenty-first century, well, the times they are a-changin'. Now, even race-car drivers are doing a bit of musical demolition. After winning the Nationwide Series in Nashville in 2009, Kyle Busch was presented with a customized Gibson Les Paul, estimated to have been worth around \$25 grand. What did Busch do with it? He made like Townshend, that's what.

Sam Bass, the artist behind the customization of the ultimately doomed guitar, was not happy.

In 2012, Britain's Royal Mail released a limited-edition set of stamps displaying iconic album covers, including David Bowie's *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars* and the Rolling Stones' *Let It Bleed*. And then there was the Clash's *London Calling*. It shows how times have significantly changed when a photo of an enraged Paul Simonon destroying his bass guitar can sit right next to a silhouetted profile of Queen Elizabeth II. But that's exactly what happened: a first-class stamp, an equally first-class album cover, and Her Majesty, all rolled into one.

It was also in 2012 that Green Day's Billie Joe Armstrong pulverized his guitar. It all went down at the iHeartRadio Music Festival, held at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas in September. Armstrong, miffed about the lack of time his band had to perform, screamed, "I'm not fucking Justin Bieber, you motherfuckers!", slammed his guitar onto the stage several times, and stormed off. Punk rock.

But then it all went wrong: The next day Green Day reps offered an apology "to those they offended." An



apology? Really? A word to all would-be rockers: If you're going to destroy your guitar while turning the air blue, by all means do so. Such actions have helped many a career. Saying sorry afterward? Is that what guitar pummeling has been reduced to in the twenty-first century? Not always, thankfully.

Take, for example, rockers Casino. In April 2014, five-year-old footage surfaced of the then-barely teenage band playing at their school's talent show. It wasn't long before it went viral, because the band's bassist, emulating so many who came before him, paid fine homage to Pete Townshend. "What did the guitar do?" asked a kid in the audience, when the battering was over. Casino, we're pleased to report, did not apologize.

In September 1968, Townshend told *Rolling Stone's* Jann Wenner, "I think, with guitar smashing, just like performance itself, it's a performance, it's an act. It's an instant, and it really is meaningless." Obviously, not everyone considers it meaningless. Indeed, almost 50 years later, beating up one's "ax" (slightly ridiculous macho rock-speak for "guitar") is still seen as the perfect onstage way to give the middle finger to the establishment and the old folks. Or for aging rockers to try to prove they're still relevant.

What of the future? CD sales are dropping dramatically, downloads (often pirated) are the name of the game, and many bands are struggling to stay afloat. As a result, it's becoming far less de rigueur to dispatch one's guitar to that big music store in the sky. Today's rockers—hungry, lean, and short on money—are far more concerned about hanging on to their guitars than engaging in a bit of destruction. But watch them closely: If the royalty checks start to come in, you can bet the sound of guitar hitting stage won't be far behind. **A—**



PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD; CLASH: ROYAL MAIL; GREEN DAY: AP/WIDEWORLD; CASINO: AP/WIDEWORLD



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PROFILE

Age: 26
Height: 5'3"
Bra size: 32D
Home state: Texas

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: Three years

"I started a webcam service at home when I was 18, and I had 12 other naked ladies in my house working with me. I had a really loyal following, but eventually I wanted a change of pace. One of my customers told me about the Moonlite Bunny Ranch and bought me a ticket out here for a visit. I thought it was really intriguing, and I ended up staying for six months."

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"I'd been masturbating on camera for a couple of years, but had never had contact with any of my customers, so working at the Ranch was a very new experience. My first client, I tried to just go in there and be sexy, but it wasn't meant to be—my robe caught on the door as I walked in and I fell down, right on my face. My client was sweet, though, and just laughed it off. He decided to take me out on a date to make me feel better, and we had a lot of fun—then we went back to my room and had really great sex! It worked out."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"I was the Bunny of the Year in 2012, so I'd say I'm pretty skilled. But I think my best skill is my ability to build relationships. The sex is just a bonus. I've had several men come to see me as their dying wish—they wanted to be with me before they passed.... I also work with couples and I do the Girlfriend Experience a lot. I'm not just selling my *poonani*—I help people through all the different stages of their lives, but I do it with sex."

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"I enjoy sex so much more now than ever before, and I've gotten so much kinkier. One of my greatest accomplishments, though, was when a client wanted to have sex for 24 hours. That was fun!"

"Once, two guys came in together, and they looked like Greek gods. They booked me and my friend, but it was 3:30 in the morning and my friend was so tired. We go into the room and I start getting busy with my guy, and my friend was on the other bed with her guy. I was so into what I was doing that I wasn't paying attention to my friend, and apparently she fell asleep! Her guy was really sweet and let her nap, and came over to see what his buddy and I were up to. Now, it's against house rules to have two guys with only one girl, but he was just so sexy that I couldn't resist, and I let him get into bed with us. It was my first time ever with two men, and I was so excited. The sex was so hot! Afterward, I got in trouble, but it was so worth it."

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"Men need to show their partners that they really want them. Really play it up. Be complimentary, tell the girl how special she is and why you want to be with her specifically. And women need to open up more and talk to their partners. You have to be willing to try new things in bed and be willing to discuss it to really make it work. Don't bring your stress to bed—sex is supposed to be fun." **OTM**



"I BELIEVE THERE'S SOMEONE FOR EVERYONE, AND THAT APPLIES AT THE BUNNY RANCH, TOO. NO MATTER WHAT YOU LIKE, THERE'S A GIRL HERE WHO CAN GIVE YOU WHAT YOU NEED. YOU JUST NEED TO BE HONEST ABOUT WHAT YOU WANT AND GO AFTER IT."



TOMMY O.

For the past half century, *Penthouse* magazine has been a celebrated resource dedicated to honoring the raw appeal of the female form. Now we're once again showcasing the vision, work, and talent of non-adult industry photographers.



How did you first get into photography?

My dad was a hobbyist photographer who took pictures of our rather huge extended family and even did a few pinup-style things. He had a darkroom for developing black-and-white prints, so I learned the fundamentals at a very early age.

What type of photography are you most known for?

I like pictures that pop. I love bold colors and sharp images. Of course I adore beautiful women and beautiful things, and I believe I have a natural eye for style and composition. I endeavor to create a photograph, rather than simply take a snapshot. The Italians have a phrase that literally means "shock to the heart," and when I get the shot I'm going for, I feel that slight kick in the chest.

How do these photographs represent who you are as an artist?

I like to elevate and empower women, put them on a pedestal. I tend to agree with Henry Kissinger, who said, "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac." Nothing is as intoxicating as a woman displaying her natural power. People don't realize the inherent aggression in beauty, but it permeates our language in phrases like "drop-dead gorgeous," "weak at the knees," and "killing me with those eyes." There is power in beauty, and I like to play with that concept.

What is your favorite female body part?

I prefer women in one whole piece.

Do you have any role models?

When I first noticed the actual art of photography, it was through the work of Francesco Scavullo and Richard Avedon. Every aspect of their work, from the look and pose to the styling and color blocking of their photos, was always drop-dead gorgeous. They both made you fall in love with the people they shot.

As for guitar? Jimmy Page. Period.

Name three things you can't live without.

My '62 Strat, my Canon 6D, and the feel of a woman's fingernails across my shaved head.

What's next for you?

I just got back from a two-day shoot in Dallas, and I'm heading to the Dominican Republic to shoot a calendar. Afterward I'm wide open. What did you have in mind?



Elena Vladi



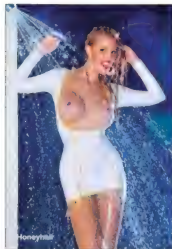
Alexia Jordan





"I painted my leather biker jacket with a Union Jack flag on the back, then I had a seamstress in Pasadena replace the lining with a real American flag that had been up on a flagpole only days before."

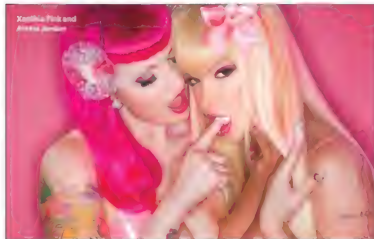
"I don't like to shoot strictly prurient content just for its own sake. And I especially don't like to treat anyone as simply a collection of body parts. My photos are an homage to the power of beauty."



Honeydew



Erika Jordan



Xentia Pink and
Erika Jordan



Erika Jordan





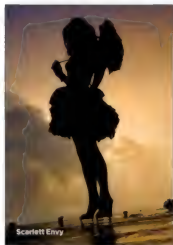
Alexia Jordan



Evika Jordan



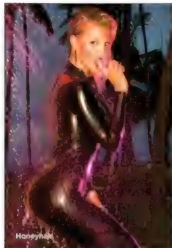
"What inspires me is really just the desire to create, to make something out of nothing. I find the same satisfaction in taking a beautiful photo that I used to get when I had finished composing a piece of music."



Scarlett Envy

Alexia Jordan

"My work sometimes leans toward edgy fashion such as latex clothing, and I do tend to enjoy a bit of exaggerated femininity. I'm not one for androgyny. I prefer to shoot a woman who obviously enjoys and celebrates being a woman."

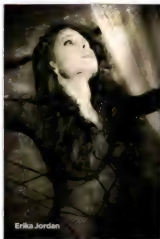


Honeybush

Erika Jordan



Erika Jordan



Erika Jordan

Pantyhose Pet
Emily Addison





"I ordered a nine-foot Union Jack flag online, and used it as the gown for the very dramatic solo shots of blonde Elena Vladi and redhead Rekka Nicholson."



OUR BROTHER'S JAILER

Our prison system is based on the idea that there's value in rehabilitating inmates so they don't fall back into lives of crime. So why are we turning prisons over to private companies? For them, more inmates means more money.

By Michael Laufer, PhD

It's easy to not think about prisons. They're mostly tucked away far from metropolitan areas, intentionally out of sight and out of mind, and they don't intrude on our daily lives. They're designed that way. There are, of course, a few exceptions: San Quentin, with its beautiful location on the San Francisco Bay, or New York City's Rikers Island, which is hard to miss if you fly into LaGuardia Airport. But your average American would

be hard-pressed to name half a dozen of the many hundreds of prisons in the United States, so why would anyone care that more than 150 of them are privately run? Well, as the country that incarcerates more people than any other worldwide, where roughly 1 out of every 100 adults are incarcerated, we should be paying attention to how our prisons are managed.

In 1980, the United States had



FIGHTING WORDS

329,800 people incarcerated; today it's almost two and a half million. As any good capitalist will tell you, if you see something increasing this much in size, there's money to be made. Apparently that was the thinking at Corrections Corporation of America (CCA), which decided to work to make the prison system into a private industry starting in 1983, and at the GEO Group, which followed suit the following year.

The role of the government in the lives of citizens is the main dividing line between the two political parties in America, the subject of debate about everything from health care to the postal system. Looking at it from either side, two questions drive those discussions: Does your option cost taxpayers less, and does it do the job better? In the case of prisons being privatized, the answers are: No, and it depends what you're trying to accomplish.

Like any business, the private-prison industry likes to say that it can do the job for less, and companies demonstrate this by showing they incarcerate prisoners at lower cost than the traditional state-run facilities. But—again, like any business—creative accounting obscures the real costs. Yes, the private prisons do spend less on each meal for each prisoner, and yes, they do manage to pay their staff less, and their medical costs are minuscule—but how do they manage to do that?

They take only the prisoners who cost the least to incarcerate: no one with preexisting medical conditions or who is elderly. The food they serve is substandard and the portions are smaller, and if a prisoner succumbs to scurvy or anemia, they are either left untreated or transferred back to the state-run prison, which foots the medical bill. Furthermore, by all estimations, despite these cost-cutting measures, private prisons do not save money—even without considering the hidden costs to taxpayers.

On top of that, private prisons write into their contracts quota clauses guaranteeing that their facilities will have a certain percentage of occupancy (90 percent being standard, and in many places it's 100 percent), forcing the state to export inmates from the publicly run facilities to ful-

fill that quota or pay for the empty bunks. In places where all the local prisons are privatized, the quota problem is compounded: If there aren't enough convictions to fill the prison, the state is still forced to pay for the empty cells. And none of this should come as a surprise to people who run prisons, as the use of such clauses came after the infamous "Kids for Cash" scandal in Pennsylvania, where judges were given kickbacks for incarcerating more juveniles and increasing the inmate populations in private juvenile facilities.

If we develop a longer view of what it might cost us to incarcerate people, the picture gets more bleak. Adding in the parole and probation processes, more than three percent of the nation is in the correctional system. All that

has to be paid for by the state, and of course crime itself costs taxpayers money. As a nation we have an economic incentive to keep people out of prison, and keep them from falling back into lives of crime and landing back in prison.

Private prisons, on the other hand, have incentives to fail. More prisoners means more money. They have absolutely no vested interest in rehabilitation or in the reduction of crime in society. Every prisoner rehabilitated is a lost opportunity to make money. Since a private institution cannot continue to exist without turning a profit, all other goals are subordinate to that.

When we turn to the question of which prisons do the job better, we have to ask ourselves what the purpose of the "correctional system" is: to rehabilitate or to punish? If punishment is the only purpose that the prison system is serving, then privatization is a natural solution. We, members of society who are not incarcerated, can rest easy knowing that the conditions in prisons, and the rates of recidivism, are not our concern. The convicted



Rikers Island



San Quentin





BY ALL ESTIMATIONS, PRIVATE PRISONS DO NOT SAVE MONEY—EVEN WITHOUT CONSIDERING THE HIDDEN COSTS TO TAXPAYERS.

person is responsible for his or her rehabilitation, and if people are determined to continue to do things that land them in prison, we might as well get rich off it, right? CCA's stock price rose from less than a dollar per share in 2000 to \$38 a share in 2014. The GEO Group was at slightly more than \$2 a share in 2000 and grew to more than \$41 per share in 2014. Clearly, there's money in this business.

Whose money is it, though? Those are taxpayer dollars, and they're being shuttled to a private corporation to provide a service that the state has deemed necessary for its survival and betterment. But neither the public system of voter pressure nor the private system of voting with one's pocketbook are in place to ensure that these prisons are performing as they should.

In a recent incident at Rikers Island, a 56-year-old veteran who had been arrested for trespassing died of heatstroke because his cell was overheated and his repeated pleas for medical attention were ignored. The

news was met with public outrage, the mayor called the event "shocking and troubling," the warden in charge of that wing was demoted, and the officer who'd been on duty was suspended without pay.

If that had occurred in a private prison, there would have been no such repercussions. It would have been the cost of doing business. On top of that, it's not like prisons have to worry about losing business because of poor customer service.

And although life in prison of any kind is no picnic, the disasters that have happened in private prisons are so atrocious, they sound like scenes from exploitation films (see sidebar). Take the private prison in Idaho that ended up with the nickname *Gladiator School*. The administration cut the staff down to a skeleton crew and handed security over to the most powerful gang. Eventually, things deteriorated to the point where the guards had to ask permission from the gang leaders before anything was done, even something as basic as

moving a new inmate to an empty cell. So many lawsuits were filed against CCA by prisoners that the FBI got involved in the resulting investigation, and the prison was shut down.

In a private prison in Texas in 2012, a pregnant woman was refused medical treatment and was forced to give birth alone on a toilet. Her newborn died four days later.

And these are merely some horrific instances we know about. Since these prisons are run by private companies, what goes on inside them is not public record—until the atrocities are so great that they enter the court system. But don't let all this get you down: Prisons are tucked out of the way, so you don't have to think about them. They're designed that way. **OT—**

The author is a mathematician who has taught college students in prisons in New York and California.



Tales From the Dark Side

This is just a small sampling of stories about private prisons from the past decade.

■ In 2007, a private prison in Florida mistakenly released nine inmates. In what can only be described as a best-case scenario, when the inmates were contacted, they all returned willingly. At the other extreme, men who broke out of a private prison with inadequate security kidnapped and murdered an elderly couple while making their escape.

■ Also in 2007, at a private prison in North Carolina with nonexistent medical treatment for the inmates, one prisoner's face split open after an infected tooth went untreated.

■ At a private prison in Ohio in 2012, inmates were defecating in bags because they did not have access to running water.

■ At a women's prison in Kentucky, between 2006 and 2009, an attic above the gym was used by guards and the prison chaplain to repeatedly rape inmates. The chaplain referred to the hideout as "the love nest."

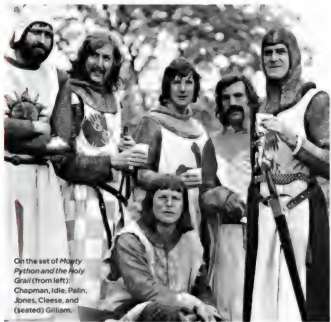
■ In 2009 in Washington state, 82 guards were hired without background checks of any kind. That same year in Oklahoma, a private prison hired a convicted murderer as a counselor; he later raped an inmate.

The list goes on, with deaths due to untreated illnesses, escapes due to negligence, abuses by guards, and riots being all too common. **OT—**

BRIT TORRENT

The U.K. started exporting its signature brand of comedy to the U.S. in the 1970s, ushering in a wave of influence that narrowed the gap between "humour" and "humor."

By John Bolster



On the set of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* (from left): Chapman, Idle, Palin, Jones, Cleese, and (seated) Giliam.

ENTERING THROUGH THE NARROW GATE

Unlike its musical counterpart half a decade earlier, the British comedy invasion of the United States didn't launch on Broadway, in front of a ravenous studio audience and a colossal 73 million television viewers.

No, British humor accessed mainland U.S.A. in a fashion much more suited to its long-standing qualities of self-deprecation, irony, and understatement—flickering to

life on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) in 1970, before gaining traction on PBS in America a few years later.

Also unlike the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and their ilk, which shot like meteors from *The Ed Sullivan Show* to the top of the music charts and the forefront of American culture, British comedy had a fitful start in North America.

The first salvo, such as it was, came from the surreal sketch show

Monty Python's *Flying Circus*, which debuted on the British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) in October 1969. The following September, the CBC added the program to its fall lineup, only to pull the plug after airing just 20 episodes.

The show didn't see the light of day on these shores again until August 1972, when the film *And Now for Something Completely Different*—a collection of Python skits from the first two BBC seasons—achieved limited box-office success stateside. A few sketches ("Bicycle Repair Man," "The Dull Life of a City Stockbroker") also aired that summer on *The Dean Martin Comedy World*, an NBC TV program brought on as a replacement for *The Dean Martin Show*.

Two years later, in Dallas of all places, the Pythons made their breakthrough. Ron Devillier, program director for KERA, the Dallas PBS affiliate, began broadcasting *Flying Circus* episodes, and ratings skyrocketed as viewers howled at soon-to-be iconic sketches like "Cheese Shop," "The Ministry of Silly Walks," and "The Spanish Inquisition." By the summer of 1975, 113 PBS stations were airing the show, and the film *And Now for Something Completely Different* had been re-released, doing much more business the second time around.

The troupe got additional exposure on FM radio, which regularly aired clips from the Pythons' comedy LPs. And meanwhile, back in Canada, *Flying Circus* had become a hit on the CBC, which had been inundated with calls, as well as a demonstration outside its Montreal studio, after dropping the show in 1970.

The floodgates were open: ABC aired two Monty Python specials in 1975, and the troupe—which consisted of John Cleese, Michael Palin, Eric Idle, Graham Chapman, Terry Jones, and American expat Terry Gilliam—went on to enormous mainstream success in the U.S., producing four feature films, including the classics *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* and *Monty Python's Life of Brian*, and participating in numerous other projects, both individually and collectively.

Their success opened the U.S. market for other British comedies, such as *Are You Being Served?*, *To the Manor Born*, *The Good Life*, *The Benny Hill Show*, *Fawlty Towers* (a Cleese project), and *The Black Adder* (starring Rowan Atkinson, aka Mr. Bean), among others.



**RICKY GERVAIS YOU
ALREADY KNOW,
BUT GOOGLE
SOME CLIPS OF PETER
COOK (ABOVE) AND
DUDLEY MOORE.
YOU WON'T REGRET IT.**



GREAT DIVIDE?

The Pythons were not by any stretch the founders of British comedy—they followed a rich tradition and had their own influences, most notably the legendary Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Peter Sellers. But they did bridge a long-standing humor gap between the U.S. and the U.K. And they almost didn't make it on the air in America because of that gap: Time-Life Films, which owned the U.S. rights to *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, was initially reluctant to air the show for fear that the humor would get lost in transit across the Atlantic Ocean. They simply didn't think British comedy would work on these shores.

The differences between British and American humor have been bandied about for so long that the very notion of the divide is pretty much a cliché at this point. And like all clichés, this one contains elements of truth, while also inviting many counterexamples. Yes, generally speaking, British humor tends to bury emotion in sarcasm; it leans more toward the dry and cerebral than its American counterpart. For decades, British people have seen their ironic quips taken literally and missed by foreign friends and acquaintances—a sensation not unlike hitting "send" on a sarcastic email only to see its meaning fly right by the recipient—or worse, get misunderstood as hostility. (Someone needs to develop a sarcasm font, stat.)

But just as there's plenty of broad and silly comedy in the U.K.—think Benny Hill—there's been no shortage of clever, deadpan humorists on this side of the pond, from the vintage duo Bob and Ray to Bob Newhart to Steven Wright.

INROADS

But there was—and to some degree remains—a gap, although it began shrinking in earnest in the 1970s, with Limer humor influences streaming into the U.S. market after Monty Python. The groundbreaking American sitcom *All in the Family* was adapted from a U.K. show called *Till Death Us Do Part*, and topped the Nielsen ratings for five consecutive years. Hard on its heels in the ratings was the Redd Foxx vehicle *Sanford and Son*, which was an African-American version of the British show *Steptoe and Son*. The late American comic actor John Ritter got his breakthrough role on *Three's*

Company, a U.S. remake of the British hit *Man About the House*. Three's *Company* ran from 1977 to 1984, yielding a Golden Globe for Ritter in the final season. *Saturday Night Live*, which premiered in 1975, took multiple cues from Monty Python, and in 1978 *SNL* cast members Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner, and John Belushi appeared in the Beatles parody film *The Rutles: All You Need Is Cash* with Python members Idle and Palin. (Idle cowrote and codirected it, and it's hilarious.)

In the 1980s, MTV aired the unruly BBC sitcom *The Young Ones*, and in the nineties Comedy Central broadcast another BBC hit, *Absolutely Fabulous*, the brainchild of Jennifer Saunders and Dawn French. The dark, cringe-inducing English

remade the British sitcom *Coupling* for American audiences in 2003—and canceled the show due to poor ratings after just four episodes.

RIPPLE EFFECT

Given those and other failures, it's interesting that Monty Python achieved the breakthrough they did, because their brand of humor was extreme—in both its Britishness and its almost avant-garde absurdity. There are plenty of Americans—none you'd want to hang out with, certainly—who don't get it, but the troupe's success speaks for itself. And their influence is probably bigger than their audience.

In "Volcano," the third episode of the American animated comedy series *South Park*, the character Eric

the two nations has always flown both ways, for sure, and that cross-pollination has accelerated "as the global village conurbates," in the words of Pegg. The rise of the internet and the blurring of pop-cultural borders has buffed the edges off many national characteristics. If you doubt it, consider that the bright, shiny, and, let's be honest, cheesy American sitcom *Friends* found a massive audience in stiff-upper-lip Britain. In the U.S., *The Office* drew 5.7 million viewers for its 2013 finale. Granted, much of the gloom and excruciatingly awkward comedy of the English original had been removed for the U.S. version of the series, but the essential premise remained, and the show was a ratings champ, running for nine seasons. And

**JOANNA LUMLEY AND
JENNIFER SAUNDERS
SCORED A HIT HERE WITH
ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS
IN 1994, A DECADE
BEFORE SIMON PEGG
BROKE THROUGH WITH
THE ZOMBIE COMEDY**



mockumentary/sitcom *The Office* drew state-side raves when it debuted in 2001, and won a Golden Globe in 2004; Ricky Gervais became a bankable movie star in the U.S. because of it. English funnyman Simon Pegg (*Shaun of the Dead*, *Hot Fuzz*) and Russell Brand (*Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, *Get Him to the Greek*) also made their mark in the U.S. in the past decade.

Of course there are many examples of British humor falling flat—like singer Robbie Williams did—in America. The No. 3 film at the U.K. box office in 2011 was a raunchy comedy called *The Inbetweeners Movie*, which raked in an impressive £41.8 million in Britain that year. Released in the U.S. in 2012, *The Inbetweeners Movie* thudded to a \$35,955 opening weekend and promptly disappeared, which is why you've never heard of it. NBC

Cartman tells the story of Scuzzlebutt, a legendary creature that has a piece of celery in place of a hand and Patrick Duffy for a leg—a pair of surreal comic details straight out of the Python playbook.

Veteran funnyman Martin Short has said that Monty Python's influence "was that absurdity in character could replace the punch line, the *ba-dum-dum* thing."

Stephen Colbert is even more specific: "There was one phrase they used... 'justly underrated'—that torturing of words, where the words eat themselves, you'll find that all through the stuff I do."

Simpsons creator Matt Groening recalls that he saw "this streak in British humor of whimsical surrealism that just a hint of cruelty, and I found that incredibly appealing."

The comedic influence between

there's no shortage of American fans who prefer the original, downbeat U.K. version.

CHUCKLE TREATY

As long as we're rubbing funny bones to the extent that English fans can suppress their gag reflexes at the high jinks of Ross and Rachel (and somehow get past that unbearable theme song), then maybe there's a chance that we Americans can digest regular doses of Malcolm Tucker, the U.K. government's director of communications on the BBC political-satire series *The Thick of It* (as well as in the excellent film *In the Loop*). Tucker commands raging torrents of profanity with a mastery that makes erstwhile U.S. ranters Dennis Miller and Lewis Black seem like mewling kittens by comparison. Maybe in the next decade. **A—**

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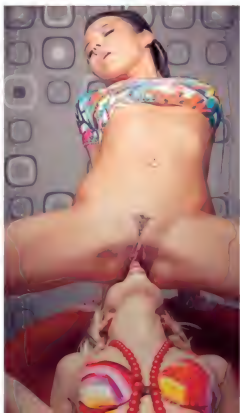


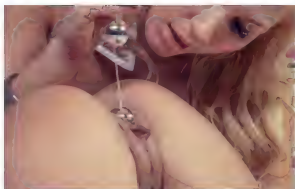
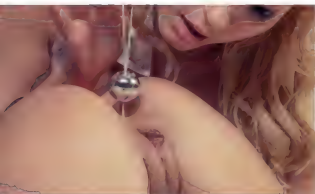
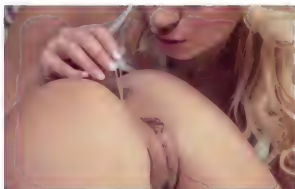
THE SWINGING SIXTIES

Is there a better way to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the 1965 birth of *Penthouse* than shooting sexy models in—but mostly out of—sixties-style fashions? We didn't think so. And since Tracy and Vanessa got so into the idea that in no time they were shagging well for our camera, we're declaring it a monumental success.

Photographs by Davide Esposito

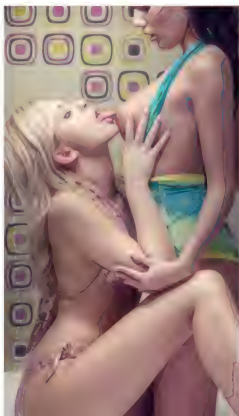
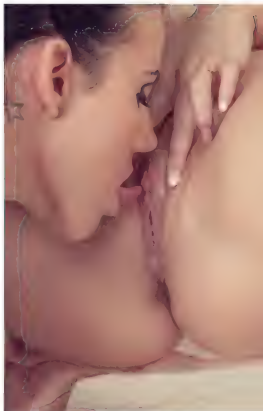
















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TAYLOR WANE

28 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

By Sam Phillips

I remember what a big deal it was when Taylor Wane's pictorial was published in June 1994; she was the first famous porn star that the magazine ever honored as a centerfold, which paved the way for many other adult actresses. Bob Guccione himself picked the British beauty as Pet of the Month, telling the photographer, Laurien, "Some girls have it, and some girls don't. This girl has it."

Taylor started out as a glamour model in the U.K. in 1988, then parlayed that fame into adult superstardom, becoming a multi-award-winning performer and an

AVN, Legends of Erotica, and XRCO Hall of Fame inductee. She has her own sex-toy line with Nasstoyz, and currently runs her own production company, Taylor Wane Entertainment, as well as her websites, TaylorWane.com, BuyTaylorWane.com, and SinfulAuctions.com.

Despite her ongoing accomplishments, Taylor told us being a Pet was her crowning achievement, saying, "It was one of the greatest moments of my entire career to see my face on the cover of *Penthouse* magazine." And thanks to her photos, more than the British were coming.

1. I hold the *Unofficial World Record* for Most Amount of Kissing (both partners professional [both partners at all times]) in less than 60 seconds. The record lasted me about 18 and I did 28. That was what got a British TV series called *The Unofficial World Records of Sex*.
2. I have won the *Best Sex scene* *Entertainment Weekly* about 100 times.
3. I was a great dancer when I was a teenager and even danced at night clubs. But I never see my best friend's children with.
4. I like to take baths with rubber ducky.
5. I used to be a model at night. I used to be a model and I was a model at night. The first thing I saw was very lovely when I was doing pictures about.
6. I like to work out at the gym very late at night.
7. I have a button phobia. They freak me out!
8. I used to be a model and I made my own games and sometimes had some pictures, making some, and doing clothes. I was told one of my friends gave to another adult star for so many years. I was a gorgeous girl and had looked like you.



9. I have a massive Barbie doll collection, mostly the limited edition special edition Fashionistas dolls.

10. I have a boot and shoe fetish, and I have hundreds of pairs of designer shoes and boots, most of which I do not wear. I just keep them in their original boxes and take them out to look at every now and then.

11. I once went to Japan to see Hello Kitty World [aka Sanrio Puroland]. It was closed while I was there.

12. I dressed up for a Lady Gaga concert in a costume I saw her wearing in a previous interview, simply putting on a black corset, a black top, and a wig with a Keroppi Hasunoue toy strapped to it. I was the only person in a costume.

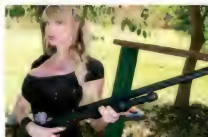
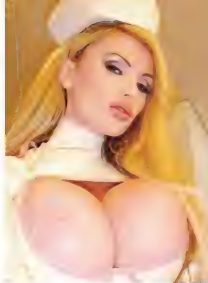
13. The Marines flew a flag for me in a foreign country and awarded it to me.

14. I like to shoot guns.

15. I've shared with taking and sharing pics my dogs with me.

16. For 80 percent of my career, I produced my own photo and video shoots, including my own Fashionistas magazine. I made production deals and personally shot another pair of legs of adult stars that were published in a host of magazines, including *Play* magazine for *Girls of Fashion* in June 2006.

17. I love to cook any kind of food, and cook every day every week from scratch.



18. I recorded some original music around 1990, but my only song "Big Baby Big" was on *The Howard Stern Show*.
19. I love being filthy, and used to wear it out in nightclubs just because I love how it feels.
20. I love dressing as a prostitute (or flesh children) and not just to do a prostitute scene. Oh, my! I do.
21. I had my own cruise ship called "Thumpin'."
22. My favorite author is Agnès de Vaulx, and I used to attend Agnès Rand lectures. I always stuck out like a sore thumb.
23. As a kid, I had two pet rats called Huckle and Fudge. They lived in my bedroom with my pet rabbit, Thelma.
24. I had a huge flower collection as a kid. I was a total dork! And I was a tomboy until I was about 17. I never wore makeup or skirts and dresses.
25. I make my own hair, even doing crazy hairstyles, including those and growing off my fingertips.
26. I was always in a bikini at school, and a teacher's pet.
27. I was scheduled to get a tattoo on the show *Leked*, but chickened out at the last minute, and my friend got the tat instead. It was "the painting (Chris [De Burca] did it) was so beautiful. It was amazing!"
28. I appeared on many TV shows, but the one that got me the most attention was *My Secret*. My dad lived for two years after that show!



Taylor
Wane
x



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BIG, JUICY,
AND DID WE
MENTION
IT FLIES?

the
**WET,
WINGED ASS!**



the
TRIPLE TONGUE

A LOVECRAFTIAN,
TRI-TONGUED,
SALIVATING
NIGHTMARE.



I'M NOT
PUTTING
MY DONG
IN THAT.

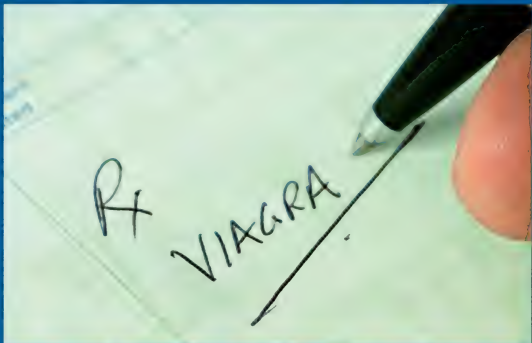
I DON'T
BLAME YOU.



CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



Hard Boner, Healthy Heart

There's been news lately that Viagra may protect against heart disease. If heart disease runs in my family, and I'm already taking cholesterol-lowering medicine to protect my heart, could I get a prescription for Viagra even if I don't have erectile dysfunction?

Tildenafil citrate, the drug we know as Viagra, was first tested as a treatment for high blood pressure and angina (chest pain caused by too little blood flow to the heart). But its ability to restore men's potency vastly eclipsed its potential as a heart medicine. It's been on the market for 17 years now, and is so widely used, there's been renewed interest in its heart-health benefits.

Viagra and similar erectile-dysfunction (ED) drugs Cialis and Levitra work by making constricted blood vessels relax and widen, increasing blood flow to the penis—where the effect is most obvious—but not only the penis. The drugs can improve blood flow throughout the body.

Viagra is already approved to treat a rare form of high blood pressure called pulmonary arterial hypertension. Many studies over the years have shown that ED drugs may have various benefits related to improving blood flow. Recently, researchers analyzed the pooled results of many smaller studies on Viagra, and found that Viagra appears to be good for the heart and

could be used to prevent and treat heart disease. In addition, studies with Cialis and Levitra have also shown cardiovascular benefits.

That doesn't mean doctors will now start prescribing Viagra as heart medicine. There would have to be a whole new set of clinical trials carried out, a process that takes years. But, as they say in the commercials, only your doctor can diagnose ED and determine if taking Viagra is right for you. Problems with getting and keeping an erection, and decreased firmness of erections, can be early warning signs of heart disease. So if you see a doctor regularly to manage your heart-disease risk, bring up the topic of ED during your next visit.



Your Number

What's the best way to respond when someone you're involved with sexually asks how many people you've been with before?

Everyone has a different opinion on whether or not to disclose your "number." Some say it's nobody's business and that you should never tell. Others insist that full disclosure is the only way. I say it depends on who's asking, why they're asking, and why it's important for them to know.

There are three reasons why someone might ask:

1. to find out how risky you are
2. to compare levels of sexual experience
3. to know you more intimately

The fact is, the more sex partners a person has had, the greater their chances of getting a sexually transmitted disease. But your lifetime number does not predict your risk of having an STD right now. The number that matters is how many partners you've had since the last time you were tested for STDs. If that number is zero, all you need to say is that you've

been tested and you don't have anything. If it's not zero, your partner deserves to know the number.

It's normal to wonder if your partner is more, less, or equally experienced than you in the sack. When people get together to do other kinds of things, they're usually up-front about how much experience they have. For instance, if you go out in a canoe with someone you haven't canoed with before, you'd naturally tell each other about your canoeing experience—that helps decide which one of you should steer, how fast to paddle, and whether or not you're likely to tip the canoe.

Usually it's best to let someone know if they are going to be your first or second sex partner. I think that after number two, counting partners becomes less and less meaningful as a measure of experience. If asked, "a few" or "plenty" are perfectly good answers.

While it can be enough to sketch an outline of your sexual history for someone you're seeing casually, when a romance turns into a real relationship, you should be more open

about your sexual past.

Some couples decide it's best if they don't know each other's numbers, and swear to never tell. I won't presume to know what is best for every couple, but I think choosing to keep your sexual histories secret would make it hard to talk about sex—there would be so many things that could hint at the past you'd have to avoid talking about. As the relationships expert Dr. Carl Sagan said, "You have to know the past to understand the present."

Being intimate with someone really is about sharing truths, past and present. The number of people you've had sex with is a big truth, and in a sexual relationship it's key to understanding each other. If you're afraid to confide facts, maybe you're not ready for that degree of intimacy. But also realize that dishing on your past—and dealing with any jealousy, shame, and other weirdness that it might bring up—creates intimacy. Or it wrecks your relationship. Ultimately, it's a choice between risking a breakup and never really knowing the person who shares your bed. **A+™**

Hack Your Sex Life

Sex hacks are simple tips and tricks to make your sex life better and solve everyday sexual problems. Have a favorite sex hack you'd like to share? Email it to SexHacks@ffn.com, and your submission may appear in *Carnal Knowledge*.

Sex Hack 6

If you want to keep your favorite sex tubes handy (not locked in a box under the bed) but your kids are old enough to read what's on the labels, transfer lubes into generic travel-size bottles and throw out the original containers.

UPA





GOLDEN GIRL

We're celebrating our 50th brand anniversary with this Golden Jubilee of an issue, and although sultry Uma Jolie is as all-American as they come, we still think she fits in perfectly. After all, the 19-year-old's golden skin and highlights—not to mention her heart of gold—remind us all of just how good things can be.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire



"The
golden age
is before
us, not
behind us."
— William
Shakespeare







"When you
start being
enthusiastic
about what-
ever it is you
like, that is
the golden
age for you."
— Michael
Winterbottom



"A box
without
hinges, key,
or lid, yet
golden
treasure
inside is hid."
—J.R.R.
Tolkien



"I'll stick with you, baby, for a thousand years.
Nothing's gonna touch you in those golden years."
— David Byrne

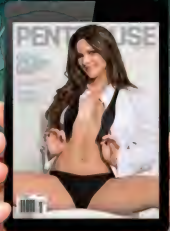




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The Horny Hostess

I was online, looking at my friends' latest social-networking posts, when I got a friend request from my brother's college roommate. Back then, a decade ago, I'd been in high school, and I'd had a major crush on him. I clicked around on his profile a little, seeing what he was up to and checking out some recent pictures he'd posted. He was still insanely hot, and I remembered exactly why I'd liked him.

As I was ogling Tom's photos, a message from him popped up in the corner of my screen, and we chatted for a minute. He told me he'd just moved to Miami, and that my brother had told him to get in touch with me if he needed someone to show him around. I said I'd be happy to give him the rundown of all the good places and help him get settled, and I invited him over for dinner the next night.

As I got ready for his visit, I wasn't thinking of anything but being a good hostess and maybe taking him out to see some of the city's hot spots. But as soon as I saw him I felt my face heat up, and I couldn't help but be attracted to him. Before Tom even made it over the threshold, I launched myself at him.

I was in the midst of kissing him when I realized what I was doing, and for a split second I panicked, but when he kissed me back, my doubts disappeared. Tom picked me up and carried me into the house, kicking my door shut behind him. He broke our lip-lock only long enough to ask me where the bedroom was, and I pointed toward the back of the house.

I don't know how we made it through the living room and down the hall without falling over, considering neither of us was paying any attention to our movements, but despite bumping into the wall a few times, we made it into the bedroom. Tom dropped me onto my bed before climbing on top of me.

We kicked off our shoes, then shed shirts and jeans and socks. When we were down to our underwear, I stopped Tom long enough to run to the bathroom to grab a condom. When I returned, I tossed him the small foil packet, dropped my panties, and climbed back onto the bed. He jerked his cock a couple of times to get it nice and hard, then ripped open the wrapper and slid the latex sheath over his dick.

I pushed him onto his back and straddled him, then reached down to grab his shaft and guide his cock into my pussy. He slid in an inch or two, and then I had to rise up and sink back down. By the fourth stroke, he was in all the way and I was able to lower down until I felt his balls pressing against my ass. I stayed there for a minute, shifting a little bit this way and that to stretch out and get comfortable with him inside me, then started to move.

I went slow at first, incrementally picking up speed until I was bouncing up and down on his cock at a nice, steady pace. I like being in control, and it was especially hot having Tom under me. When I was in high school and fantasizing about him, I'd always imagined him on top because I was so inexperienced. Now, I can't even describe how amazing it felt to take my fantasy man by the balls, climb on top of him, and fuck him.

Tom reached up to play with my

I can't even describe how amazing it felt to climb on top of my fantasy man and fuck him.



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tit, then my ass, before finally settling on playing with my clit. It was seriously hot.

I don't know how long we went at it—it could have been five minutes or an hour—but eventually I felt that rumbling in the pit of me that signals an orgasm. I rocked back and forth on him, closed my eyes, threw my head back, and fucked him as hard as I could, until my pussy spasmed and my body trembled and I felt my juices flooding out of me. Tom came a few moments after I did, and I felt him filling the condom as he shot his load inside me.

I did eventually show Tom around the city—but not until after he'd seen all the sights my bedroom had to offer.—L.D., Florida

A Quick Footnote

I love women's feet. I don't know if it's the daintiness of them compared to men's, or if it's the sexy arch, or if it's the suckability of their sweet toes. All I know is that when I find a woman with perfect feet, I'm immediately intrigued. Lucky for me, my fiancée has the sweetest feet, and Amie is always willing to indulge my fetish.

One of my favorite things is to give Amie her weekly pedicure. Every Sunday afternoon, I take a seat on the floor in front of the couch and work on her feet. It gives us time to talk and relax, and it also lets me get up close and personal with her sexiest asset.

We start with a nice soak, and I use a little lemon juice in the warm water to soften her skin and relax her. Once she's had 15 or 20 minutes to soak, I use a pumice bar to exfoliate her soles and soften her feet. She wears a lot of high heels for work, and then walks around barefoot at home, so the heels and balls of her feet get a workout.

After her feet are soft and smooth, I move on to her toenails. Like any good pedicurist, I start by pushing back her cuticles, then trim and shape her nails before selecting a nail polish to complete the look. While her polish dries, I generally make dinner, and by the time it's ready, her polish has set. Then I slather some thick shea butter on her feet to get them silky-smooth, and I slide her feet into a pair of luxuriously soft slippers so she can walk around the house.

It's impossible to give Amie her pedicure without getting excited, and I always end up with a raging hard-on by the time we sit down to eat.

Just thinking about her feet gets me hard, in fact, so you can imagine how aroused I get when I'm right there, eye-to-toe with her beautiful feet.

Last week, Amie kicked off her slippers halfway through dinner and teased me with her feet, stroking the tips of her toes up and down my shin in a game of footsie. Then she pushed a foot into my lap and teased my cock with her talented toes.

I somehow lasted through dinner—and Amie's footplay—without coming in my pants, so she decided to give me a reward and took me to the bedroom. There, I got on my knees and kissed her feet and sucked her toes until they were covered in my saliva. Then she helped me out of my pants to give me a proper footjob.

She started by running her toes along my length, then moved them beneath me to massage my balls. Then she flicked her big toe against the tip of my dick while holding my cock steady with her other foot, which felt incredible. That wasn't enough

I kissed Amie's feet and sucked her toes. Then she helped me out and gave me a footjob.





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to get me off, though, and when she sensed I was in need of satisfaction, she pressed her feet together, her arches cradling my cock, and stroked me in earnest. Holy fuck, it felt good!

Every once in a while, she'd pull her feet from my dick and use her toes to tickle my balls or caress my thighs, and the combination of sensations drove me crazy. Finally, when I was *this close* to coming, she dropped her feet, pulled off her shorts, and had me get on top of her. As I fucked her, her feet came up to squeeze and caress my ass, and that was it. I was a goner.

I tried to hold off so Amie would be able to come, too, but I couldn't do it. I shot my load after only a minute of fucking. Lucky for me, Amie knows what a short fuse I have when her feet are involved, and she didn't mind helping me bring her to climax with her fingers.

Sunday is coming up again, and I've already got the menu set and a new nail-polish color picked out. Now I just have to wait and find out what sort of sexy game my fiancée is in the mood for this week. —M.S., Oregon

■ Bend Me Over

I leaned over the back of the couch and wiggled my ass. I'd been trying to get Mitch to fuck me all night, but he'd been teasing me and playing hard to get, so I had to break out the big guns. He can never resist fucking my ass when I offer it.

When I called him into the living room to come see something on the news, he wasn't expecting to be greeted by my bare behind. He almost walked right past me, but as soon as he saw my butt, he stopped short and gave me a once-over.

"What's this about?"

"What do you think?" I answered.

When he didn't respond, I wiggled my behind again and told him, "I could use a little help here."

That was all it took to get him to jump into action, and he quickly shucked his pants and moved into position. I'd already grabbed a bottle of lube from the bedroom, and I passed it back to him. A moment later, I felt the cool drizzle of liquid on my ass, and I reached back to spread my cheeks. He poured even more on me and it dripped down to my backdoor, getting me nice and slick. I was more than ready now, and when I felt Mitch's cock nudging against my ass, I knew he was, too.

I was anxious to have my ass filled with his cock, and as he pushed his crown against my crimped sphincter, I relaxed to let him in. Knowing how horny I was, he didn't bother taking it easy. He pounded into me, fucking me so hard that the couch started to move. It still wasn't enough for me, though. I love it rough, and I begged him to take it up a notch.

As he pummeled my ass, my pussy throbbed with excitement, and I felt my orgasm building almost immediately. I started pushing back against him, rocking my hips and taking him deeper, and in no time at all I was on the brink of an explosive climax. I told Mitch I was about to come, and he started bucking even faster. I was so close, and then a moment later, I went off. I'd never come so quickly in my life!

After Mitch finally came, we straightened up, put the couch back in its place, and headed to the bedroom for round two. I wasn't going to call it a night until my pussy also got its fill of Mitch's dick. —P.N., Ohio

**He pummeled my ass,
and I felt my orgasm
building immediately.**



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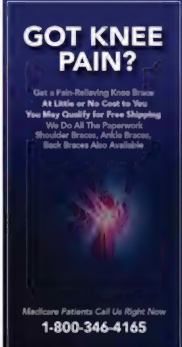


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Dinner and a Private Show

I was working late a few weeks ago and figured I was alone in the office. It was well past eight o'clock when I decided to take a break and have dinner, so I grabbed the leftover salad I'd saved from lunch, bought a soda from the vending machine, and went into the conference room to eat because there's a TV in there.

I'd just sat down and was about to turn on the TV when I noticed some lights on in the office across the way. I had no idea what the people in the building next to ours did, but I knew that the office opposite mine always emptied out by 6 P.M., so I was surprised to see the lights on. I walked over to the window to see if anyone was in there, and at first glance, it seemed like the office was empty. Then I turned my head to the right and saw two people standing next to the copier. I thought nothing of it and started to eat, turning the television on to catch the news.

I finished my salad in maybe ten minutes, and since there was nothing good happening in the world, I clicked the TV off and went back to

my office to finish my project. My window just so happens to be across from the other office's copy machine, and when I walked in my door, I was looking directly at the people I'd spotted earlier. Only this time, they weren't just standing next to the machine. Now, they were caught in an intense lip-lock.

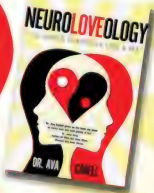
I felt a little pervy watching them, but I couldn't help myself. The few times I'd seen anyone in that office, they'd appeared pretty buttoned-up, and they certainly didn't seem like the type to get up to after-hours shenanigans, so I was intrigued by this turn of events. And, okay, I'll admit it, I was turned-on. I'd been working



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BLUE MOON

We cap off our New British Invasion issue with a second look at the breathtakingly bodacious Ava Blue, the English model who graced the cover of our October 2009 issue. And the quotes from Ava that were published with Brett Silver's photos were almost as intriguing as the images. "I love being a model because, let's face it, how many other jobs are there where you get to look sexy, get naked, and openly touch yourself? It's amazing," she told us. "My favorite part of this photo shoot was when I was lying on the floor completely naked, really going for it, covered in so much oil that every part of my body felt so soft and sexy and sensitive.... Oh, sorry. I was having a moment there and nearly got carried away!" —a



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Classic Bavarian-
inspired design recalls
Budweiser®'s Old-World
brewing traditions



Showcases the beloved
Budweiser® Clydesdales
and beer wagon on front

www.bradfordexchange.com/budweiser



Shown much smaller
than actual size of about
10½ inches high



The back of the stein features
the fascinating Budweiser®
beer label, which highlights
Budweiser®'s global appeal
and unique history

RESERVATION APPLICATION SEND NO MONEY NOW

THE
BRADFORD EXCHANGE
—HOME DECOR—

9345 Milwaukee Avenue • Niles, IL 60714-1393

YES. Please reserve the Budweiser®
Timeless Traditions Heirloom Stein for me as
described in this announcement.
Limit: one per customer.
Please Respond Promptly

Mrs. Mr. Ms.

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address

City

State

Zip

Email (optional)

*Plus \$14.99 shipping and service. Limited-edition presentation restricted
to 95 living days. Please allow 4-6 weeks after initial payment for
shipment. Sales subject to product availability and order acceptance.

01-18234-001-E49391

↓ TEAR HERE ↓

PENTHOUSE

AVA DALUSH MARCH 2015 PET OF THE MONTH

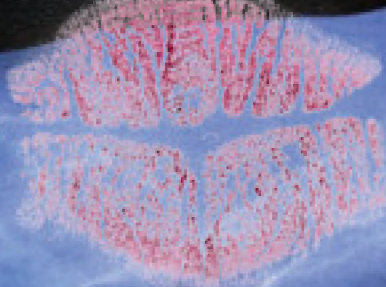
↓ TEAR HERE ↓



PENTHOUSE

AVA DALUSH MARCH 2015 PET OF THE MONTH

Ava Dalush



Vital stats:
36-24-37; 5'
25 years old

Hometown:
Nottinghamshire, England.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
It's very multicultural.

Your favorite vacation spot:
Spain.

Your dream vacation spot:
Cuba. I love the music and the history.

Favorite food:
Anything that's superspicy.

Favorite drink:
Strawberry smoothie.

Favorite way to work out:
There is no favorite way. I have to be forced, and pushed hard!

Favorite way to relax:
Sunbathing.

Favorite TV show:
I'm an old soul, so documentaries about the past.

Favorite movies:
Carry On, Young Frankenstein, Bugsy Malone.

Favorite kind of music:
Soul and funk.

What music gets you in the mood?
James Brown.

What's sexy in a man?
A seven-inch cock and a sense of humor.

Call my sexy friends!
1-800-SEXY-PET
♡♡XDXD♡♡

(1-800-739-9738)
CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER. COST: \$4.99 TO \$5.99/MINUTE

**SEE MORE OF AVA
AT PENTHOUSE.COM.**